

TALES
OF
MILITARY LIFE.

VOL. III.

LONDON

SHACKLE AND RAYNES, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET

TALES
OF
MILITARY LIFE.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

VANDELEUR (CONCLUDED).
GENTLEMAN GRAY.

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VANDELEUR

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VANDELEUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

By Heaven! it seems as if the dead stood up
In witness 'gainst me, and the firm-sealed earth
Gaped and thrown forth my guilt more fresh and green
Than when I buried it."

THE inn of which Mother Heldershaw, (as she was termed,) was the hostess, contained, although not the best accommodation, a great number of little apartments. It was one of those old-fashioned buildings, which the traveller in England must have observed as characteristic of the good old days: it was, previously to the war, exclusively appropriated to the middle orders of agricultural

people. The sign-post exhibited the "picture" of the king's head; but what king's head, or like what king's head, we cannot pretend to say. Two floors, projecting one over the other, leant from beneath a tiled roof, the uneven position of which gave ample proof that the timber whereon it was supported had bent beneath the weight of time. Ever since the breaking out of the last war, the principal trade of this inn arose from the military, and such sailors as, having pocketed their prize-money or pay, at Portsmouth, and "steering" to London, "fell in" with the "*King's Head*," and "dropped anchor" for the night, or for the week, as their taste or cash might regulate. Sometimes an officer or two of the troops quartered at Hilsey, while waiting for barrack-furniture, or a "remittance," would set up there, and vegetate economically in one of its little old-fashioned rooms.

In an apartment, situated at the back part of the house, and about seven o'clock in the evening of the day that Redmond resigned, sat a guest whom none of the attendants saw enter, and who was only waited on by Mother Heldershaw herself. He paced the room in restless thought, sipping

ever and anon the port wine of the “King’s Head,” yet unaffected in his brain by the liquor; for in such a state of agitation was he, that his draughts were only as necessary stimuli to bear him against the weight that pressed upon his mind. This guest was Colonel Raven.

The door opened, and Mother Heldershaw cautiously entered.

“You look frightened; what’s the matter?” anxiously demanded Raven.

“What do you think?—his servant has just arrived with his luggage, and he is to sleep here to-night,” said the hostess.

“Who?”

“Redmond Allan.”

“Curse him!” bitterly ejaculated Raven—
“curse him! why does he come here? why did you let his servant in?”

“I had my own reasons,” replied Martha;
“but he is to be lodged at the other end of the house—he need not see you.”

“Bring me some brandy—this wine is weak,” cried the colonel, flinging the contents of his glass into the fire. “Hark!” continued he, starting,

“somebody is coming—there is a knock at the door—go out.”

Heldershaw instantly left the room, and shut the door: she, however, soon returned, to say that it was her stupid man-of-all-work, who came to tell her that the sailors and soldiers in the kitchen were quarrelling, and her presence was necessary to quiet them. The hostess then withdrew, to exercise her powers with the united-service people at the other side of the house. She had not been many minutes gone, when the door of the apartment was thrust open, and a man appeared, whose eyes flashed lightning on the heart of Raven. He stood a moment gazing on the trembling colonel, whose agitation now became frightful—his face grew pale—the big drops hung on his forehead—his nether lip shook, and he saved himself from falling only by holding on the mantle-piece, against which he had staggered. Yet his eyes, distended, still held their fixed gaze on the intruder, who stood silent and frowning on him.

“Carrol Watts!—O, spare me!—go—do not appear to me thus; I am not to blame; your death

was not at my hand!—O God!—that horrid glare.”

Raven’s senses fled, and he fell on the floor, inanimate.

The fall caused such a noise as to bring the hostess, in terror, to the apartment: a heavy man, as the colonel was, falling thus, must have shaken the floor, and have been heard by those below. Mother Heldershaw was therefore in the greatest alarm as she entered; but the seizure of her arm by the stranger, while it changed the direction of her fears, was not at all calculated to ameliorate them.

“What can it be?—O, heavens!—Watts!” she exclaimed, as she looked in his face.

“Yes!” he replied; “but be calm; attend to that man—tell him, when he recovers, that I am flesh and blood, and no ghost—my appearance scared him. Tell him also that I will remain below stairs until he be prepared to see me.”

He then left the astonished hostess, who, when a little recovered from her surprise, proceeded to render what assistance she could to Colonel Raven. Brandy, and a few minutes, restored him perfectly; and he arose from the ground. He affected

a smile, and, by way of excuse to the landlord for having fallen, said that he was very subject to a giddiness in the head.

“Have I been long lying there?” inquired he.

“Not many minutes,” replied Martha.

“I fear,” said Raven, after a short pause, “that I am not long for this world. I’m not very easily deceived, or frightened by dead men. I suppose that wine I drank was not good. Do you know that I fancied I saw, standing before me to-night, a man whom I saw hanged several years ago?”

“Hanged!” exclaimed Martha; “compose yourself, colorful; don’t think, or trouble your mind; but sit quiet for a few moments.”

“O, I am perfectly recovered. I’m sure that I fancied I saw him as plainly as when he was alive.”

“The man you saw, I assure you, *was* alive. Did you see any other person besides Carrol Watts?”

“No: but did *you* see Watts, too?”

“Yes, and he is now in the house. I thought you knew that.”

“What! Carrol Watts!—he alive! Why, Martha, I saw him dead—hanging by the neck in Dublin. He was hung for rebellion.”

“Impossible!” returned Martha; “or, if he was hanged, he has come to life again. I could not be mistaken. He is below stairs; I saw him standing beside you when I came in here just now, and he desired me to tell you that he would wait below until you should be ready to see him.”

“Almighty Heaven! can it be possible? Do you *know* his person—might you not be mistaken?”

“I know him well; it is Carrol Watts. He is a little altered, but I could not be mistaken.”

“Go down and look at him again, and come back to me, for I cannot believe it.”

The hostess obeyed, and returned to the now agonized colonel, with the fullest assurance that Carrol Watts was the individual then below stairs.

“He is most anxiously waiting to see you,” said she.

“Merciful Heaven!” exclaimed Raven, “what

is to be done?—Martha, I am—we are *all* ruined. Shall I see him?”

“See him! certainly—see him by all means. You must bribe him. There—the bell rings—he is growing impatient. See him, Raven; see him, and do not spare money.”

“But stop,” cried the colonel, hesitating; then, after a pause, he suddenly said, “Very well—I will see him; send him up stairs.”

During the short interval between the departure of Martha and the appearance of Watts, a trembling seized the frame of Raven, and he felt his heart sinking almost into death; however, a full bumper of brandy, and a sudden inward exertion, served to restore him in some degree—externally at least. Still, as the sound of footsteps approached, his eyes became as if covered with mist, and he was obliged to lean his back against the side of the fire-place for support. The door opened, and Carrol Watts entered. The hypocritical colonel, by a last exertion, assumed an affability of manner that sat but ill upon him; and he held out his hand towards the visitor, at the same time saying—

“Watts! can it be you? I am rejoiced to see you; but I really thought you dead, and your appearance had the effect of a spirit upon me.”

“Keep your trembling hand away from me,” returned Watts; “sit down, and hear what I have to say.”

He then shut the door, and seated himself in front of the colonel, who had obeyed his direction, and resumed his seat.

“It is now twenty years since you and I first met. You were then a sergeant; you are now a gentleman—a colonel—a man of large fortune; yet I respected you then, but now I despise you. As a sergeant, you at least did nothing to gain my disrespect—as a gentleman, and a magistrate, you assisted a base abuser of the laws to attempt to take my life, without trial; but you see I am still alive—my death was treacherously sought by you at a time when I appealed to you for protection.”

“No, no,” interrupted Raven, hastily; “Major Bludd would do nothing for me.”

“False!” exclaimed Watts, “false as you and hell! The infamous Bludd, the villainous tool of

he Orange faction, at the moment I was consigned by him, with two others, to the brutal executioner, of his sanguinary mandate, told me that you represented me as a leader in the rebellion of ninety-eight, and recommended the severest punishment—even death. You and Bludd are twin magistrates, and twin villains. Your recommendation was well received ; you thought you should, by it, secure your ill-gotten fortune ; but Providence saw you both, and frustrated your evil designs. Carrol Watts lives, and here tells you, trembling coward—dog—that he comes to cover you with disgrace—to ruin you—to strip the mask from you, and turn you on the wide world, a stalking mark for the scorn of all men. He whom you attempted to thrust into the grave, now comes to hurl you from your wealth and greatness—he is alive.”

“ I know it—I know it. O, Watts, remember your old master ; you wrong me. Pray be temperate, and I will explain all.”

“ Silence, Raven !—hypocrite, be silent. I have suffered the pangs of death—the horrors of an unjust punishment, at the hands of your friend and brother magistrate, and at your desire. I came

here to enjoy my revenge—to see you writhing beneath my power. The papers are in my hands, and to-morrow the world shall know you.”

“ Did I not protect you ?” returned Raven, with recovering animation ; “ have I not befriended you ? When you left the regiment, did I not keep my engagement ?—purchase you a farm—give you money ?—and am I not now able to serve you further ?”

“ You purchased me a farm—you gave me money ; but this was not from motives of friendship—it was to protect yourself—to keep your name and your power secure. When I applied to you to speak for me to the tyrant of the people, the infamous Major Bludd, you came at my call—but it was to rid yourself of the calls which were on your purse ; you served but to hasten my torture. I was hanged, and you were near me—you thought that *he* was also dead, but he is not—nor am I. Ha ! I see—I mark the writhing of your black and coward heart, in that pallid cheek—that trembling lip—that glassy eye—that perspiring forehead—that agitated frame. Am I revenged ?—not yet—not yet. Your mansion, your grounds,

your splendour, and your power, shall to-morrow fall from you, and you shall go forth to the world a bare and execrated beggar. I now leave you."

"Not yet!" hastily exclaimed Raven, nerved by desperation, "not yet—stay—hear me! *You* are determined—so am *I*. Read this letter; you are not yet safe; Major Bludd here says that you are still within his power, and that he will strain a point to serve me."

Watts took the offered letter—read it, and then said—

"This letter I care not for, except that the wax on it bears the impression of my seal. The villain, not content with attempting my life, has robbed me of my seal, and of course the watch to which it was attached. O, what a friend you boast of! What a public officer has the country! I'll keep this impression, it may be of use to me."

Watts now threw down the letter contemptuously, having first torn off that portion of it containing the impression of his seal.

"But, stay; you cannot do what you threaten," cried Raven; "you have not evidence. Besides, I can impeach you—your character. Hear, hear

me, Watts—I may, and *will* prevent you, if you persist. Listen—let us understand each other; do not rashly drive me to my resources. I will propose to you this: I will give you five thousand pounds—five thousand pounds! and five hundred a-year if you will keep the secret, and be my friend in securing his—his silence—in getting him out of the way. Have you told him the secret?”

“He knows it,” replied Watts.

“Will you be my friend?—I will make your fortune. I shall be bound by it for ever to your interests. Nay, Watts, you have no real reason for injuring me.”

Carrol Watts remained silent, gazing at the fire, and tapping the table with his fingers in apparent abstraction. Raven pressed his suit.

“Besides,” continued he, “you know that my influence is great, and the evidence cannot be very strong.”

Watts still paused.

“None but you and I need ever know more about the matter—you shall be a made man by it. Think of the five thousand pounds, Carrol, and the five hundred a-year! I know you, and you

know me; we have been both soldiers together—comrades, and friends. Come, Watts, we can serve each other.”

“What would you do with *him*?” demanded Watts.

“Ha—yes—true,” cried Raven, his countenance lighting up into hope at the change which appeared in the voice and manner of Watts. “Yes—but will you—*will* you be my friend, and accept my best services?”

“Say what you propose—let me see my way—what would you do with *him*?”

“Why—if you *would* agree to forget the past, and stand by me as I will by you—we—could—we could easily put him out of the way, you know.”

“How—kill him?”

“Why—no—not exactly murder him. But will you accept the five thousand pounds? a check for the money at once, and a settlement for the annuity?”

“Give me an hour to think on it,” said Watts, after a pause.

“I will—I will;” exclaimed Raven, with great

animation. "O, Watts, you know we *ought* not to be enemies."

"I shall return in an hour," cried Carrol Watts, as he started up from his seat, "and will give you my final answer."

"Kind, good fellow—do—do! I'll be here—think of the five thousand pounds *down*, Watts."

"I'll walk out, and consider; you may expect me in an hour."

Carrol Watts now withdrew, and left Raven, who, flinging himself into a chair, groaned, folded his arms firmly, clenched his teeth, and began to chew the burning cud of reflection. He felt irresistibly borne onward to crime, in order to save himself and his former delinquency. Murder was somewhat abhorrent to him; but discovery was worse. No choice remained, and his fears urged him on with a rapidity that blinded every feeling but one. He turned it in his thoughts over and over, yet found only strength in his wicked project. At length the bitter hour was passed, and Watts returned.

"Come, Carrol," said he, as the latter entered, "I see by your countenance that you have become

reasonable. You are a hot-headed fellow, Watts, but I do not like you the worse for that; soon excited, and soon appeased. Sit down, and taste old Heldershaw's brandy."

"No, I will not drink—let us to business;" replied Carrol Watts, seating himself.

"Then *I* will drink, and to your health, Watts," said Raven. He then swallowed a full glass of the liquor, the effect of which was to improve his resolution.

"Now what am I to do, admitting that I agree to join you in this business?" demanded Carrol Watts.

"You know as well as I do," replied Raven, "that as the affair has come to his ears, the first step must be to remove him."

"Nothing can be done without it," observed Watts.

"Nothing," echoed the colonel—widening his eyes, approaching and placing his hand on the other's knee, in token of reciprocation—"nothing, my dear friend. He *must* be removed, otherwise I should fail, and your five thousand pounds, as well as the annuity, be lost."

‘ But how is it to be done?’

“ Done ! why—pooh ! man, if *you* choose, that won’t trouble us much.”

Both paused and gazed at each other a few moments ; Raven searching, as it were, the countenance of Watts for a look which he might interpret to his purpose. He then continued—

“ You know, Carrol, if you do that, there will be a bond between us stronger than human power can make—there will be a guarantee to you that will supersede the necessity of all deeds and lawyers—

“ I understand you. In fact, you think he could be *put quietly aside*.”

“ Exactly so.”

“ And that my knowledge of your share in this deed would be my bond.”

“ Precisely ; don’t you see it ? My dear fellow, it may be done.”

“ Yes ; but *I* cannot do it.”

“ O, as for the *doing*—that is no matter ; will you join and be secret ? that’s the great service which you may do.”

“ Then who is to do it ?”

“Why, Watts, that question is easily answered; there are but two of us.”

“Then *you* will do it?”

“I will: I only wish for your assistance and secrecy. Do you agree? Say the word—I have the plan prepared, and a check for five thousand pounds shall be your’s to-morrow morning.”

“Give me the check now,” said Watts. “I do not doubt your sincerity; but that would clench the matter.”

“I’ll tell you what, Carrol,” said Raven, after a short pause, “I can have no objection to give you the money now, only that you—*might* change your mind.”

“No, no,” returned Watts, “you need not fear: I am fixed. I am a man that may be depended on: but I am determined not to move a step in the business without a proof of your good intentions.”

“Then—no matter—I’ll make it a point of honour between us—you shall have the check.”

Raven then drew from his pocket a blank check, took a pen, and having written out an order for the five thousand pounds, handed it to Watts,

with an air of honourable confidence. Watts then took the paper, tore it carefully into two parts, and returned one part to Raven, saying,

“ I will not have the money ; I only want a shew of security—something by way of written promise ;— I will keep the one half of the check, you shall keep the other, and give me a memorandum on a slip of paper, that you will present me with the half which you hold on the day after to-morrow, provided a certain affair should occur—write it so ; that will put an end to all doubts between us.”

“ To that I have no objection,” said Raven, as he proceeded to write the memorandum. “ I see you mean well, Watts. Believe me it will make us both happy for life ; five thousand pounds is not a sum to be gained every day.”

Another bumper of brandy completed Raven’s now comparatively happy state, and another, drunk with wild haste, by Carrol Watts, settled matters of agreement. The plan was then opened by the colonel without reserve, to the detail of which Watts listened attentively.

“ You know, Carrol,” said the ‘ worshipful’ magistrate, “ that unless evidence be forthcoming

in any case of suspected crime, the law can take no hold of the person or persons so suspected. Well, there are only three people in existence that know anything of the secret we wish to keep ; these three are you, Heldershaw, and myself. Confidence begets confidence ; I have confided in you, you have confided in me. In my plan I fear we cannot well do without Heldershaw's assistance ; and I think we might trust her. In the first place, she may be unguarded if we do not ; and, in the second, I shall be obliged to give her as much money to shut up her suspicious prate as to command her secrecy. Look you ! the young man sleeps here to-night, and will also sleep here to-morrow night. Might he not commit suicide ? there is nothing more probable than that an officer, having quarrelled with his colonel, and resigned his commission, might commit suicide. Do you understand ?”

“ I do ; go on.”

“ Well, if Heldershaw be admitted into the business, she will take care that he shall sleep soundly during the night ; she will infuse into his drink at night a sufficient portion of laudanum to seal up his senses, at least in sleep. You and I shall then

go to his room, place one of his own razors beside him, or in his hand—as soon as it has—you know the rest!—then, Watts, we shall both enjoy security, affluence, and happiness.”

“ But—the razor—why use the razor? would not the laudanum be sufficient?” inquired Watts.

“ No, by no means; it is doubtful—assistance might come—he might recover—it is not sure—nothing is more dangerous for us,” replied his cautious ‘ worship;’ “ and,” continued he, “ to give the affair a still greater degree of probability, the empty vial in which the laudanum shall have been contained, must be placed on his table: then, you know, even if the stomach should be examined by the surgeons, no further light can be thrown on the matter; Burn’s Justice supposes the very case. The inference will be that he took the poison himself—Don’t you see, my dear fellow?”

“ I do—I understand—but who shall use the—?”

“ I perceive—you would not, of course, as you said, do the business—leave that to me. Now, Watts, this all appears very bold and desperate, I may say criminal, on my part; but when you con-

sider that it is in self preservation—the first law of nature—that it is done, you will not think so. Here is not only the ruin of myself, but of Sir Edward, depending on it—and what is a life after all? Had he met a bullet at Corunna, he would have only died; and in this case, what more is it? I would not do it—by Heaven I would not do it, no more than I would kill myself, only that to leave it undone must destroy a fine property, ruin my high name, and the hopes of my son, Sir Edward. Do you think Heldershaw should be admitted to the affair?”

“I do—I think it would render the matter more certain.”

“Then I will break it to her; and to-morrow evening will you come here to talk over the business further?”

“I will,” replied Watts, as he arose to depart—
“at seven o’clock I’ll meet you.”

“God bless you, my dear fellow,” exclaimed Raven, as he pressed the hand of Watts in both his own—“God bless you—I shall write to my solicitor to-morrow, to have the deeds of settlement for the annuity drawn up—farewell. Carrol, I

knew you would not injure me—but you are so hasty—farewell—Seven o'clock."

"By that time I shall be here."

Watts appeared at the appointed hour, and found Raven more anxious for the performance of his terrible purpose, if possible, than he was on the preceding night. He learnt that Heldershaw had been admitted a member of the confederacy, and had willingly given her consent to assist; but on condition that she should receive five hundred pounds. She had made every arrangement to facilitate the murder—had removed every obstacle. The apartment in which the devoted victim lodged was at the left gable-end of the house, and the window overlooked a garden, shut out from the road by a high wall; no strange ear was to be within hearing of any noise that might be made in the execution of the deed, and every thing gave promise of complete success. The laudanum had been procured at Portsea by Raven himself, in such a manner as left no possibility of tracing its purchase to him. The hour of one was fixed for the consummation of the wicked crime, and Watts withdrew, promising to return at midnight. He

kept his word,* and at twelve o'clock returned, his cloak and hat soaked through with rain, which fell in torrents during the preceding hour.

Raven received him somewhat agitated at the approaching occurrence, which now he felt to be inevitable—to be beyond doubt, seeing that Watts was true to his appointment. Both sat down in the little apartment where they had communed the night before. After a short time, Mother Heldershaw appeared with a bowl of strong punch, and, with the exception that she spoke in whispers, her manner was as unaltered as if nothing extraordinary was the cause of the meeting. Her compliments to Watts, her praises of her punch, and her occasional allusions to the dreadful affair of the hour, were indiscriminately and unaffectedly mingled.

“ I will not drink,” said Watts; “ it would unfit me for my work.”

“ Well, do as you like, Carrol,” returned Raven, “ but, for my part, I should be totally unfit for mine if I did not drink ; so, I’ll say, ‘ To our success,’ in a bumper.”

“ Ay, ‘ To our success,’ in a bumper, I say

too," cried Mother Heldershaw, as she swallowed the contents of her glass.

"You say he drank the coffee containing the laudanum?" observed Raven to the hostess.

"Yes," she replied, "I took him a strong cup of coffee at nine o'clock, in which I put, you know, the drops: after a short time he called for another cup, and I gave him one of pure coffee. He then said he wanted to sit up for the purpose of writing letters; but rang his bell at ten o'clock, and said that as he felt very heavy, he would go to bed. I prepared every thing necessary, and took away his candles at half-past ten. He was then fast asleep."

"You are sure that the door is not fastened on the inside?" said Raven:

"It cannot be either bolted or locked."

"Then go again," hastily cried he, "on some pretence, to the room, and look closely to see if he be asleep now."

"I am sure he is asleep," returned the hostess, "but one cannot be too cautious: I'll go again."

So saying, she quitted the room, and returned in about five minutes.

“He is just as I left him before—as sound as a rock,” said she, with a smile that would have honoured a fiend in its most diabolical work.

“Martha, you have not lost your determined spirit by campaigning in India,” observed Watts.

“Not I : what business has a soldier’s wife with being squeamish : if I had been so when I served with Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Mahratta war, I should have made a poor hand amongst the dead and wounded. What’s one life?—why, the women of our regiment, who were worth speaking about, thought nothing of settling a hundred of the wounded Indians : ay, or a few of our own lads, if their watches or purses were good.”

“Hark !” whispered Raven, “is there any body stirring in the house besides ourselves?”

“No, not a soul. I gave both the boy and girl a sufficient dose of egg-flip to send them a-snoring : it is the wind and the rain beating against the tiles and the windows that you hear.”

“What o’clock is it?” demanded Raven.

“About half-past twelve,” replied Watts.

“It is a dreadful night,” returned the colonel, who was now evidently becoming fearful of his task. “This punch is not strong enough : give me a little brandy, Martha.—Carrol, how do you feel?”

“Feel !” echoed Watts, “never more confident in my life ; I seldom meet with disappointment in any enterprise I undertake.”

An awful half-hour now slowly passed away. The conversation was whispered in broken passages, and long pauses took place between each observation ; the storm increased without, and the blaze of the coal-fire, on which all silently gazed, purred loudly—no other noise disturbed the night. Raven now arose, and having swallowed a bumper of strong brandy, whispered a question in Mother Helder-bow’s ear, to which she replied,

“Yes ; I took it out of his dressing-case ; and here it is.”

At the same time handing him something under the table, which she had taken from her bosom. Raven could not hide the effect which this had

upon him ; he shuddered, and looked at Watts with an attempted smile, that appeared like moonlight on a grave ; and walking towards the window, he looked out, observing with a shudder that the night was not only rainy, but very cold.

The moments slowly passed, until the clock in the lobby struck "one." A silence reigned for a few seconds ; yet there was much language in the looks of all the parties.

"Carrol, that is the hour," whispered Raven ;
"what say you now?"

"What say *you*, colonel," returned Watts.

"Me ! Can you doubt me ? Think you I can let slip this opportunity, and meet my total destruction to-morrow ? Oh ! no.—Another glass of brandy, and then to save all.—Martha, go first ; your shoes are off ; that is right—and your's—so are mine. Come, Watts, be near me—close to me ; but you need not be in the room, unless I should be opposed."

As they were leaving the apartment, he seized the arm of Watts, pressed it with an iron grasp, stopped short, and, with an impressive whisper, said,

“I will make it *six* thousand, instead of five, if the work be but well done.”

Watts bowed, and they followed cautiously the steps of Mother Heldershaw, through the lobby, up three steps of a side stairs, and along another lobby ; at the end of which was the room of the young officer.

The rain was dripping in big drops on the floor of the passage, and made a melancholy noise as it splashed ; but this noise served to cover the accidental cracking sounds which their steps made on the old boards of the floor : the raging wind without, too, aided them much in this, for it whistled loudly as it passed, and shook the leafless trees behind the house into hoarse murmuring—it was a frightful night.

The woman was at the door ; she stopped, placing her finger to her lip, and looking back towards her followers. Watts could perceive, by the light of the candle, which she held near her face, that, fiend as she was, the terrors of the moment were pressing on her ; her eyes were glassy, her cheek pale, and her lips parched and withered. All

stopped while she listened. She seizes the button of the door—the door slowly opens.

“Are you asleep, Sir,?” said she, in a low voice.

No answer was heard. Twice she repeated the question, with the same effect. She then walked softly into the room some paces, and returning, left the door open. All paused again for a few moments, and held in their breath; they could distinctly hear the strong breathing of the intended victim.

“Let me go before you,” whispered Watts. “I’ll remain at the foot of the bed, to be ready, lest he should awake and overpower you.”

A nod of the head and a squeeze of the arm were the tokens of assent. The woman gave the candle to Raven, and hastily, but softly, went back to the lower lobby. Watts looked at the colonel’s face, and saw it pallid and perspiring, but still resolute. He then softly entered—Raven’s foot cautiously followed. ‘His worship’ placed the candle on the chair beside the bed—stood quiet a moment—Watts, also mute, at the foot of the bed. The sleeper’s breathing was loud, and promised security. The magistrate looked around, placed the poison-vial beside the candlestick on the

chair, and then coolly opened the blade, and tied a piece of tape upon its juncture with the handle, to prevent its yielding in the wrong direction from its intended work. A hurried blast of wind, and a pattering of the heavy rain, caused another pause—all was still again. The instrument was now grasped in the villain's right hand—his left on the curtain of the bed, which he slowly drew aside—he fixed his eyes on his intended victim—he raised the blade, but looked back in caution—another moment—his arm is ready; but a voice of thunder roars out:—

“Vandeleur, arise!”

It was the voice of Watts. The trembling assassin started with a groan into the centre of the room; the door of a closet at the instant opened, and Captain Ostin, Corporal Magoverin, and two officers of police, ran out, lighted by two lanterns, while the rescued officer jumped from the bed.

“There stands the villain in his guilt!” exclaimed Watts, pointing to Raven, who, at the instant, and before they had time to seize him, fired a pocket pistol at the former and another into his own mouth. Both fell bleeding on the floor.

“ Merciful God ! the wretch has shot my uncle—my dear uncle—my father—my protector—my all—my everything !” exclaimed Redmond, as he ran to the support of Carrol Watts.

He was assisted in his humane efforts by his friend Ostin, whose feelings at the fall of the generous man who had saved him from the rebel pikes in Francis Street, on the memorable twenty-third of July, were not less affected than Redmond's.

Both the bodies were raised from the floor ; in that of Raven there was a slight quivering of the flesh, but it was of momentary duration : it ceased, and he was dead. In that of Carrol Watts there was no visible motion ; but the heart had not ceased to beat—his senses were fled, but life yet remained. He was instantly conveyed to the regimental hospital by Redmond and Captain Ostin, who, to the honour of their hearts, would not quit their protector a moment, until they saw him placed under the care of the surgeons. In the mean time, Corporal Magoverin and the two police officers proceeded to search the house for Mother Heldershaw. They found her, with all the ex-

terior appearance of innocence on her countenance ; but this hypocrisy availed her not, and, without further hesitation, they conveyed her to the guard-house, a prisoner, leaving the dead body of Raven alone to await the coroner's inquest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Worth has her wings, and so has Pride,
But never fly they side by side ;
As both move on towards Heaven's height,
Pride mounts with brighter, faster flight ;
But soon her glistening pinions crack,
And quick to earth she tumbles back ;
While Worth, like eagle, soaring home,
In safety gains th' Empyreum.

WHEN Carrol Watts was placed in the charge of the surgeons, and every care taken to ensure attention to his necessities, Captain Ostin, late as the hour was, resolved to have an interview with the colonel, and warmly requested Redmond (we shall yet call him by that name, in order to avoid confusion) to go along with him to the quondam baronet's quarters. They went, and found him *tête-*

à-tête with Lieutenant Nickerman, both enjoying their claret, and in the highest spirits. Miles Magoverin, and the soldier who was along with him in the late scene at the inn, had been directed by them to attend, and wait outside the colonel's door until called for.

The regimental tyrant and his led-captain, on the entrance of the visitors, remained seated; and, with a slight bow, the former inquired of Ostin whether any thing had occurred of a very particular nature in the barracks, that gave him the honour of a visit from him, and the displeasure of one from a gentleman who had arrayed himself in hostility against him—his commanding officer.

“ A very particular and disgraceful occurrence *has* taken place this hour, Sir,” replied Captain Ostin, who, as well as Redmond, now stood in commanding attitude before his hearer.

“ Indeed!—What may that be, Sir?” demanded the field-officer.

“ A murder has been attempted,” replied Ostin; “ but the intended victim has been fortunately saved, and the assassin discovered in the atrocious attempt.”

“ Who is the person so saved ?” inquired the colonel.

“ The *person*, Sir,” retorted Ostin, “ so providentially rescued, is a baronet—a high-minded, noble youth, deserving all the honours that await him : this is the gentleman.”

“ Indeed ! And the murderer—who is he ?”

“ *Your father !*” exclaimed Ostin, with a look that terrified the other.

“ Yes,” exclaimed Redmond, “ your infamous father, Sir ; who, banishing the infant son, and just inheritor, of the ancient house which his art would ruin and his presence has polluted, placed a bastard in his stead. Your father, Sir, who, entrapping a simple lady into his accursed snare, wore out her existence, and broke her heart. Your father, Sir, who, to uphold his tottering safety, and retain his tyrannical and base-born son in the rights of another, attempted midnight murder. He is the man !”

“ Gentlemen, where is your proof of all this ?” demanded the trembling commander.

“ Come in, soldiers,” exclaimed Redmond.
“ Here is proof,” continued he, as Magoverin and

the soldier, entered. "Have you seen an attempt at murder made upon me to-night, men? speak."

Both replied in the affirmative.

"Who was the assassin?"

"Colonel Raven!" both answered.

"And here is a letter," said Ostin, "written by the woman Heldershaw, his accomplice—*your mother*, COLONEL; for the ends of justice, it was opened by the police-officers in charge of her. She wrote it in the guard-house, and it is directed to *you*, Sir, her *son*: it runs thus—

" 'Sir Edward, you are my son—I am your mother—your true mother—the mother that suckled you—save me from my fate.—O! save me, if you have a spark of nature.'

"I need read no more: suffice it to say, that she has promised to confess the whole affair, if her life be saved."

"Where—where is my father?" demanded the pale and trembling colonel.

"He lies in the house of the woman, his accom-

plice, dead—he fell by his own hand ;” replied Redmond.

The wretched man tottered, but still kept his knitted brow. He paused ; and then addressing his led-captain, who was staring in astonishment at the scene, said,

“ Mr. Nickerman, go and examine the truth of this affair, and return to me with a just state of it.”

“ Why—a—I think you had—a—better send your servant, Sir ;” replied the flexible lieutenant.

“ What !” exclaimed the colonel, rising in rage, “ are *you* turned against me, too ? tide-serving knave that you are.”

“ Knave !” reiterated the lieutenant ; then, with a sneer, observed, “ that epithet does not come well from the son of an assassin—your day is gone by, *colonel*.”

“ Treacherous sycophant !” muttered the fallen man, as with a countenance pallid, lips clammy, forehead moist, and step uncertain, he hurried out of the room.

As soon as he was gone, Nickerman, with the

most assuming *sang-froid*, approached the officers exclaiming,

“ What a shocking business ! only think—the colonel’s father, too ! ”

“ Yes, Sir,” replied Ostin ; “ and Lieutenant Nickerman’s father is not unmixed with the disgrace of it.”

“ More of this to-morrow, Sir : at present we request your absence,” said Redmond, pointing determinedly to the door ; “ pass on before us, Sir, or remain behind.”

The *rheumatic* lieutenant shrunk up from further contact with those before him, and walked away, muttering something about being sorry to find such disunion amongst brother officers ; and, by way of appealing for evidence in case of future inquiry, he, as he was going out, addressed Magoverin and the other soldier :—

“ You have heard all that passed, corporal,” said he, “ and so have you, soldier—it may be well to recollect it.”

“ O, in troth, I hard all, sure enough ; an’ I *felt* all that you did for me at my court-martial ;

but *omnis caris habet suos dies*—that is, *every dog has his day*, Misther Nickerman.”

These words Miles uttered with all that effect which natural resentment in natural expression is capable of giving. The officers and the soldier present, as they moved out from the room, applauded in a suitable manner the just sarcasm of the corporal, and he himself chuckled at it.

Next morning, the two officers, accompanied by Mr. Ostin, the chaplain, who, the moment he had heard of the alarming affair, set out for Hilsey, visited the hospital, in order to make inquiries concerning the state of the unfortunate Carrol Watts. Several surgeons were there, induced to attend by hearing of the circumstances of the wound received by Watts. Amongst these was Mr. Ansel, the staff-surgeon, whom Mr. Ostin had met at the hospital in Lisbon, when Miles Mago-verin was under his charge as a patient. The chaplain and he recognised and greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand, and having talked a little on the extraordinary event of the preceding night, they, accompanied by Redmond and the

captain, proceeded to the room in which was Carrol Watts. They found him still senseless. Redmond could not repress his feelings when he saw his pitiable condition ; he covered his face with his handkerchief, and wept in silence ; and as Captain Ostin gazed on the countenance of the wounded man, his manly eyes became drenched with tears, for he thought of the night when he was so generously saved by him from the pikes of the rebels, and he left the room to hide what he fancied might appear a weakness, and waited in the lobby for his friends, as well as for the report of the surgeons on the case of the sufferer.

As Mr. Ansel approached Captain Ostin from the room of the wounded man, a peculiar animation appeared in his countenance, manner, and voice, and the captain hastened to join him, in the hope of hearing a favourable report of the case : but in this hope he was disappointed ; for the staff surgeon's opinion was, that nothing short of a miracle could save the patient. It was a different matter altogether that so animated Mr. Ansel—that gentleman had recognized Carrol Watts as the individual on whom he had successfully played his

galvanic battery in Dublin, at the Royal Hospital, in the year 1803 : this delighted him, and said he—

“ That man, I’d swear, was brought to me as dead as any ‘subject’* I ever dissected, to all appearance. I know his person by the mark of a slight incision on his thorax, which one of my assistants made, thinking he was intended for anatomical purposes instead of galvanic. I arrived in time to prevent his opening the abdomen (fortunately, indeed !) and applied the apparatus with success ; for galvanism, Sir, is a power of the most desirable nature in all cases of suspended animation ; and, in my mind, may be of great use in a curative point of view : it is not only my opinion, Sir, but that of others, witness Bichat, Humboldt, and Gra-pengusser, of Berlin. I know that man’s face, as well as the scar on his breast. The man had been sent from the Provost Prison—a horrid place—a sort of petty Inquisition ; but, Mr. Ostin, you know all about it and its major—Bludd, I mean—no matter. The man was brought, along with two other ‘subjects,’ and given to us. As soon

* The term given by the faculty to dead bodies appropriated for dissection.

as I opened my galvanic battery on the facial muscles and the head in general, through the medium of proper conductors, a slightly tremulous action took place in the lips and the eye-lids. I continued my operation for a considerable time, varying the direction of my battery, when the muscles, generally, began to contract, the eyes opened, and the thorax heaved with a heavy groan. I shall never forget the awful struggle of the body at returning life—the convulsive sobs—the distended eye-balls—the clenched hands; in short, to any but a man accustomed scientifically to these things, the exhibition must have made him shudder. However, the case was put to bed, and I had the pleasure of seeing him in full life and senses in the course of three hours.”

“Was he again seized by the Orangemen?” eagerly inquired Mr. Ostin.

“No; I’ll tell you what became of him,” replied the staff surgeon. “Poor fellow! I took great interest in him; it was such a charming case of success. Having informed him of his situation, of which he seemed quite unconscious, he became alarmed lest he should be again arrested; but I

told him that I would assist his escape in every way that lay in my power. For this offer, he appeared extremely grateful; and the following night, I myself let him out of the hospital, and gave him sufficient money to carry him to Cork, to which port he said he would go, and there embark for some other country. I never saw him afterwards until this hour. Poor fellow! he was certainly a capital case of galvanic resuscitation."

Mr. Ostin then informed the staff surgeon, briefly, the true state of the matter; and Redmond, in thanking Mr. Ansel, assured him that in the service he had rendered to the unfortunate Carrol Watts, he also conferred the greatest on him, and that, while he had life, he should remember it, for the sake of him who was now dying.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the staff surgeon, "it delights me beyond measure to think that I have been at all instrumental to so important a result. I will exert every nerve to save him now, Sir; and if life be within the range of medical and surgical power, we shall secure it. But, Sir, the ball has passed through the hepatic region of the abdomen, penetrating, no doubt, the *lobulus spigelii*, and from

the *paralysis* which is present, has probably injured the dorsal *vertebræ* and *medulla oblongata*."

"Is this very dangerous?" demanded Redmond.

"Extremely so: but not hopeless."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the youth; then pressing the hand of the surgeon, he said, "Mr. Ansel, do—do what you can for him. He is as my father."

The medical officer again assured him that every attention should be paid to the wounded man; and returning to render his personal assistance, he took his leave, while the others left the hospital.

The disgraceful occurrence of the preceding night was now known throughout the regiment; and few there were amongst the soldiers, who did not, while they rejoiced at the escape of the lieutenant, also rejoice at the fall of Sir Edward. The story of the Vandeleur family was likewise spread abroad, and excited the most agreeable astonishment in their minds. Sir Edward was nowhere to be found; he had, it appeared, returned to his room after the interview with Ostin and Redmond on the preceding night, and having taken his

papers, &c. away, fled, nobody could conjecture whither.

An inquest was held on the body of Colonel **Raven**; and, in consequence of the verdict, his body was buried the same night, by torch-light, in the cross-roads near Hilsey. Martha Heldershaw was fully committed to jail, but under a promise of recommendation to pardon, she having confessed the whole of the nefarious transaction with which she had been connected.

By certain letters found on the person of Colonel **Raven**, it appeared that Charlotte Vandeleur was at that moment confined at Vandeleur Hall, in the care of a female satellite of her monstrous father-in-law; and, in consequence of this information, Redmond, now known to be her brother, with Captain Ostin, at once took post for Bath, applied to the authorities, and rescued the lady from her pitiable situation.

On hearing the events which took place, she fell into the arms of her newly-found brother, with feelings that it would be difficult to describe; she gazed on his countenance in rapture, and traced the likeness to her dear, ill-fated mother. Her

Her lover too, the gallant Captain Ostin, now shared her caresses, and learnt from her lips all the mystery of their separation. Raven, it appeared, had contrived all: and even when they had met in the cathedral at Wells, the man whose whisper had caused her abrupt departure from thence, was a trusty messenger despatched by him to bring her back safely; for it appeared that Raven was at Vandeleur Hall when the two officers called, and, fearing their meeting with Charlotte, despatched the messenger to bring her back. It also appeared, that on the same evening he set out from Bath, leaving Charlotte confined and watched in her apartments, with strict orders to be allowed to see none but her attendants. It was evident that Raven did not proceed to London, as the turnpike-keepers had said, but to Portsmouth, in order to put his wicked designs into practice against the youth, whose existence he so feared; for he had discovered, during the absence of the regiment on service, that Redmond was the individual who was supposed to have been lost by the explosion of the "Good Intent." He had learnt this from Emily Ostin, while at Vandeleur Hall, who, delighting to

speaking of her absent lover, mentioned his miraculous escape; and thus Raven had become alarmed. Therefore he had proceeded to Hilsey for the purpose of working the ruin of Redmond, or at least procuring his quittal of the regiment through his son's influence, lest by any chance the secret of their real relative situations should come to light; for he had not yet secured the valise left behind at the "White Cross" by Carrol Watts, and he had learnt that Cooly had refused to give it up, as appeared afterwards, through the information of that old Hibernian host, to have been the case.

Redmond, with his sister, and Ostin, with his long absent love, now returned to Portsmouth, where the chaplain and Emily received them with hearts overflowing with the kindest feelings, and Charlotte, with sensations of such joy as the despairing feel in the sudden and brightest sunshine of hope, flew to the bosom of that family which had fostered her dear brother—now her protector—the upholder of her father's ancient name and house, and which contained one member who was still dearer to her heart.

When Redmond returned to Hilsey, he learnt

that Carrol Watts, although not yet within the sphere of medical hope, was not worse than when he had last seen him—that he had recovered the use of his speech, and that the surgeons now would have no objection to his seeing him, as the dangers of mortification had passed, and the inflammation had considerably abated. Redmond, therefore, hastened to visit him, accompanied by Ostin, who, in making himself known as the boy saved by him in Francis-street, seemed to have infused a cheering renovation into the sufferer's sinking heart, of more than medicamentary power. The grateful acknowledgment of service received from our hands is always agreeable ; but receiving that, when we are oppressed and worn down by misfortune, is a cordial indeed to the soul.

Little time could be allowed to the patient for communication with his friends, lest the exertion of speaking should become too much for his strength. But every morning and evening, regularly, would both Redmond and his friend, and often the clergyman, visit him, for the short period prescribed by the medical officers. The sick man's couch was even enlivened by the presence of

both Emily and Charlotte, whose kindness soothed and refreshed his heart. However, day after day, although he grew calmer, and more vivid in his senses, still he grew weaker and weaker in bodily strength; and scarcely had a fortnight elapsed when Staff-surgeon Ansel pronounced that hectic fever had set in, and in all probability would terminate his suffering. During this fortnight, however, Carrol Watts had directed Redmond where to find the leather valise, which he had seized from Cooly, and which contained the documents necessary to establish the claim to his rightful rank and property. Every thing had been done to put the law in a right way to the accomplishment of the object. Watts, who had made known that the valise was seized by him from the little landlord, and that Capel Nickerman had accompanied the latter, was now informed that both these were arrested: that Nickerman had confessed his agency in Raven's affairs, and offered to come forward as a witness: but that the former had not only been liberated, but rewarded for his resolution in not delivering up the valise. This news was grateful indeed to the suffering man; for the restoration of his dear

Redmond was a darling object with him ; and when the information was conveyed to him that Vandeleur Hall and estates were legally seized on, in trust for the youth whom he had protected for the enjoyment of them, he sunk exhausted almost to death, so much overjoyed was he at hearing the news.

Finding himself dying fast, and feeling conscious of it ; warned by that voice within, which foretells death more certainly than the most wise physician, Carrol Watts wrote a full statement of all the circumstances of the case in which the youth he loved and had protected as a son, was so deeply concerned. To this task he was fully able ; for the injury produced by the wound had assumed the character of rapid consumption. and, as Mr. Ansel said, " had produced a debility arising from excessive supuration, which must terminate in death by hectic fever." His constant posture was sitting up in the bed, or rather gently leaning against high pillows, placed to support his head and back in an elevated position. It was his wish to read himself what he had written, in presence of the officers of the regiment ; and in order to gratify this

wish, he requested Redmond, who was a constant attendant at his bedside during the fortnight he lingered, to ask the officers to attend and hear him. To the task, however, Carrol Watts found himself unequal, and, at the desire of Mr. Ansel, relinquished it; but he wished Mr. Ostin to do the office for him in his presence, as it would, he said, render his last hour happy, and smooth his way to eternity.

So great was the interest excited in the regiment for the fate of the man who had so protected one of the officers, and so detected the other, that no difficulty was found in gratifying the wish of Carrol Watts; and all the officers, with the exception of Lieutenant Nickerman, and those who were on actual duty, attended, together with the major's lady, Mrs. Pommel, who manifested, on the occasion, the greatest desire to be present.

The ward appropriated to Carrol Watts was not very large; it, however, was originally intended to contain eight or ten beds; but, on account of its even temperature, it was selected from the other apartments of the hospital, to be used only for the accommodation of peculiar cases. Here did the

officers assemble, to hear a declaration, from the lips of a dying man, which not only deeply concerned the interests of one of them, but also the honour of the corps. The surgeons of the hospital were also present.

The major's lady had entered the ward some minutes before the officers, and, to do her the justice which her sex demands, administered the kindest comfort to the sick man; for, with all her foibles, she had a good heart: and one of her amiable hobbies was visiting the hospital, and advising the patients. She was not naturally severe; but the misdirection of her early mind had led her into false reasoning on the relative duties of subordination. Her military life, too, was by no means calculated to amend this error; with her years, had grown the weeds which deformed her true character, and hid, if not almost destroyed, the natural posies of the female heart. The severity which she had exercised with her child, although so evil in itself, and in its consequences, was, as she thought, "done for the best"—for she had loved her son; but she administered it in the hope of improving the boy's mind, just as she did physic

to improve his body ; but, in the former sense, she proved a bad physician—she took the wrong mode of practice, and increased the malady. However, this, like many dogmatical errors, arose from her own early education ; she had been herself brought up in a system of discipline : so had most of her acquaintances ; for she was educated solely by her mother, who had been reared in the metropolis of Ireland, and who had faithfully transmitted to her daughter the effects of the system practised in that city, where, at the period of her early youth, nothing was to be accomplished with children either at school or in the nursery, without the rod—where punishment, was the grand teacher, and tyrannic coercion usurped the natural seat of parental tenderness.

The officers, as they entered the ward, one and all, were struck with the appearance of the wounded man ; such a peculiar expression did his wan and worn cheeks, fine bald forehead, dark eyes, and yet raven-like though somewhat grizzled hair, impart. His body was elevated in the bed, and his head reclined somewhat backwards, which, though he had scarcely power to move, he slowly en-

deavoured to bend forward upon his breast, in token of respect, when he saw the officers entering. The white waxy hue of death was on his face ; his breath heaved short, as if tired of its habitation ; but his countenance appeared bright, and his eye still vivid. The lady of the major sat on one side of his bed, Redmond stood on the other, with the captain near him ; the remainder of those present formed a circle near the foot of the bed, while the chaplain, Mr. Ostin, in the midst of them, opened the paper which Carrol Watts had written, and read it aloud. It ran thus :—

“ Stretched on my death bed, as I now am, I think it my last duty to declare to the world all I know relating to Sir Edward Vandeleur, falsely styled Redmond Allan ; and of John Raven, falsely styled Sir Edward Vandeleur.

“ In the year 1790, the regiment called the Carbineers, in which I was then serving as a private soldier, was quartered in Bath. The cornet of the troop to which I was attached, and whom I had intimately known several years in the regiment, as troop quartermaster, and as sergeant, was married to the widow of the late Sir William Vandeleur, of Van-

deleur Hall, in the county of Somerset. About seven months after the marriage, Cornet Raven, having left the regiment, came to me, and told me that he would purchase my discharge and settle me in life, if I would consent to take a child of Lady Vandeleur's, and bring it up as my own, declaring, at the same time, that he would provide well for it. He also stated that his intention was to take home to Vandeleur Hall a child of his own, then four or five years old, and which was the child also of Martha Brooks, now Martha Heldershaw and to bring up this child, then named John Raven, as Sir Edward Vandeleur, heir to the title and estates of the deceased Sir William Vandeleur. I acknowledge, with grief, that I lent myself to this wicked scheme. I and Martha Heldershaw personated two individuals with whom the real son of Sir William was supposed by his mother to have resided for the following year, and brought the child home. Lady Vandeleur's eyes being then much inflamed, she could not discover any difference between the infants, and I took away her supposed son again, as if by the direction of the physicians, for the benefit of sea air; and, at the end of six months more, I took it

back, and resigned it to the care of Colonel Raven. The real son of Lady Vandeleur I took with me to Wicklow, in Ireland, where Colonel Raven had purchased a farm for me, and there I lived for nearly eight years, during the first part of which I became so attached to the boy, that I found I loved him as dearly as my own child, whose place in my wife's arms he had taken; for my own had died. The feelings of a parent were strong in me—far stronger, I believe, than those which *my* parents had ever entertained for *me*. (Here Carrol Watts turned his eyes on Redmond's, which met his, and both became evidently affected.) Associating with, and protecting the infant, produced in me the warmest paternal affection; and when my wife died, I acted the part of a mother, as well as that of a father, to the boy. During this time, I received sufficient money for his education, and took care that, whatever might be my persecution and trouble, he should have the benefit of it. I sent him to the best schools; and when he was nearly fourteen years of age, took him to reside with me near Belfast, to which place I had removed. Determined to see that justice should be done by the boy, I wrote to Colonel Raven, in

1823, informing that I should bring him to London. To this I received a reply, begging me not to do it ; but I wrote again to confirm what I had said, and determined on going : however, I did not give Colonel Raven to understand that I meant to open the secret ; but merely to see a handsome provision made for the child. I then received an order for a passage on board a vessel in Belfast harbour, named the “ Good Intent,” and, with the young Sir Edward, was on my voyage, when the ship took fire in Dublin Bay and blew up, destroying, as I thought, my boy. Careless of what I did, I joined the insurrection then raging in Dublin, and was taken. I wrote to Colonel Raven an account of the fate of the youth, requesting him to come at once to Dublin, and interest himself for me. He did come ; but it was to hasten my punishment by representations to the petty tyrant who then scourged the people. I was taken out along with two other men, and hanged, without trial ; was brought to life again by the surgeons, and escaped to Cork, where I embarked on board an American ship, sailed to America, from thence to France, where, fond of war, and nothing to tie me to life

I became a soldier in the French service, marched against Spain, and there, happily and miraculously, learnt that the youth I had hoped to see restored to the home of his ancestors, was yet alive. I returned to England, disguised as a British soldier; and, in order to arm myself with proper evidence, went at once to Ireland, in the hope of recovering a valise, which I had left at a house near Bullock: but when I arrived there, I found that the man with whom it had been left had just set out for Bath, having taken with him the valise, to deliver it, as it was said, to its rightful owner. I followed, and traced him to London, thence to Bath, in company with a satellite of Colonel Raven's, named Capel Nickermann, where I found an opportunity of seizing my own property, and what was to me of such value. My object in pretending to join with Colonel Raven in his diabolical attempt on the life of young Sir Edward, I declare, was, to allow him to commit himself so far as that nothing could be done on his part to smother over the truth; for he had threatened such opposition to my intentions, by law and his power, that I thought I could not be too strong in

my evidence of his iniquity, for the sake of my beloved boy, and in atonement for my delinquency against him in the first instance; for which I anxiously pray to God to pardon me."

Here Carrol Watts became agitated, and, with his face covered in his handkerchief, groaned heavily; indeed all present were much affected, so awfully impressive was the scene and the circumstances around it.—Mr. Ostin continued:—

"I have now only to add, that the assistance which I unhappily lent to Colonel Raven's nefarious scheme arose from the false colouring which he had given it in my eyes, and from my own reckless folly. Unknown to the kind hand of parent or relation, from an early age, I became wild and wayward. Driven by severity from my home, I threw myself on the wide world at twelve years of age, wandered about for five years, when I became a soldier in the Carbineers. Yet I am the son of a captain of dragoons. Had I possessed a kinder hand in my youth, I might have been a better man: as it is, I have done no wilful wrong, save to Sir Edward Vandeleur; but

for this I have done all in my power to atone; and I shall die with a prayer on my lips for his prosperity and happiness.

(Signed) “GEORGE ADDENBROOK,
“Enlisted and known by the name of
“CARROL WATTS.”

At the conclusion of this declaration the major's lady began to tremble; she turned pale as ashes, and, as her eye-balls stretched out to behold the dying man and her hands to clasp him, she exclaimed, in broken accents—

“George!—George! Speak!—Do you recollect me?—Are you my son?—O, yes, yes, you are, you are; and I am a lost, wretched woman!”

The mother of the unfortunate man (for she *was*, too truly, his mother) at this, fell, in agony of soul, upon her knees by the bed, grasping his wan and cold hand, bathing it with her tears, and kissing it with all the affection which the best heart could display in such a scene. Nature imperatively asserted her sway; and at her magic touch, all the prejudices of years and the affectations of fashion were demolished; the heart was stripped at once, and

the miserable, remorseful, soul-stricken parent sunk beneath its holy and mighty influence.

New strength seemed to have alighted on the dying man; he sat fully up in the bed—called on his mother to forgive him—and, having pressed her hands between his own, fell, exhausted and speechless, back upon his pillow.

Every officer present felt deeply for the unfortunate mother and son; astonishment and heart-felt pity was in every countenance. The painful scene, however, was not prolonged; for Mr. Ansel, seeing the immediate danger which the presence of the unhappy mother must cause if continued, delicately represented it to her, and after a few moments, she was prevailed upon to quit the room. This wish of Mr. Ansel was founded on the best principles; for the patient had fallen into a state of complete exhaustion. He proposed to administer cordials, and when nature should begin to revive a little in him, to instantly send for the lady. She, however, never again saw her son alive, for he expired an hour after she had left him, in the arms of him whose right to the title of Sir Edward Vandeleur he had fully established.

Carnol Watts was followed to the grave by the young baronet, and the whole of the officers at Hilsey. The miserable mother was unable to honour it so far. She was old, and so deep a shock to one of her age, is little less than the *avant-courcur* of death. She felt her heart breaking—all her former strength and nerve failed her; and she was left as a scathed tree, with not a living branch belonging to her. The reflection that, through her severity to her own child, she had hurried away a noble and a talented, a courageous and a generous mind, the elements that might have raised her son to high command in the army—that might have blessed her old age—gnawed on her heart. She took to her bed on the day of her son's death, and expired within a month from the date of it. Her last words were breathed in praying forgiveness of heaven for her mistaken treatment of her child, and a hope that no mother would ever follow her unhappy example.

But let us pass over further details of this melancholy subject. Let us leave the gloom of the night, and follow the sun-rays that arise out of it.

The undisputable and undisputed rights of the

young officer to the possessions and honour of his father having now fully devolved upon him, he took possession of Vandeleur Hall, and, surrounded by the tenantry, was hailed as the regenerator of their happiness. With his sister, his Emily, and his two valued friends, he entered the mansion of his ancestors, followed by all the relations and friends of his family, who, during the usurpation of Raven, had neglected even to visit the "Hall," so disgusted had they been with the coarseness and evil conduct of that base adventurer. The commander-in-chief, too, added to the good fortune of the young baronet; for his royal highness, on becoming acquainted with the circumstances, handed over what might be fairly considered his right—namely, the colonelcy of the regiment. The commission had been made out for Sir Edward Vandeleur, and to him, the real person, it was handed over. By way of return for the ensigncy, so handsomely procured by Captain Ostin for the young baronet, when they first met at Bath, the latter presented his benefactor with a majority of the regiment, which he found but little difficulty in purchasing from Major Pommel. To refuse it

would be impossible on the part of Captain Ostin ; for the other had precedent for his argument in acting as he did. But more valuable gifts than commissions in regiments were to be made by these officers from one to the other ; therefore they disputed not on matters of minor importance. These gifts were their lovely sisters ; and no gifts were ever more happily received, than Emily Ostin was by the young Sir Edward, whom she had known only as her dear Redmond ; or than Charlotte Vandeleur, by the gallant Gerrard Ostin. The marriages were celebrated ; and, with the exception of the two brides and bridegrooms, none felt such genuine and glowing happiness as their revered brother, Mr. Ostin, in uniting at the altar of heaven the hands of those he loved dearest on earth.

The time for the general annual move of regiments, June, was now approaching, and the desire of once more beholding the scenes of his happiest hours, urged Sir Edward (we almost wish we could call him Redmond still), to apply to his friends at head quarters to have his regiment sent to Dublin. This he did, and was successful in his appli-

cation ; the regiment was ordered to proceed to that quarter.

Previously to the marching of the regiment from Hilsey, Sir Edward and Ostin joined, and were received with the fullest demonstrations of joy. A splendid dinner was given to them by the officers, at which the foundation of future unanimity and happiness was laid. Mr. Ansel was present, who happening to sit beside Ostin, relieved that gentleman, at his request, from the strange paradox which the "death-fetch" at the church-yard had operated on his mind; for, as Charlotte, having been arrested by Raven in her way to the church-yard, could not keep her appointment, he knew that the vision at the gate arose from imagination: yet he could not rightly account for it. The scientific gentleman explained it thus:—

"The mind," said he, "having been first of all impressed with a strong belief that Miss Vandeleur was dangerously ill, the appearance of the young lady so unexpectedly, her request to meet you at the church-yard, and her sudden disappearance from the rails of the garden, became objects of mystery, as soon as you found that she

did not make her appearance according to the supposed appointment. As the moments slowly passed after the time reasonably allowed for her coming, your doubts increased: the situation in which you stood, aided a superstitious disposition, excited by the mystery in your *sensorium*—your early impressions as to ghosts, ban-shees, and death-fetches, by degrees asserted its right over reason—twelve o'clock came—the moon threw indistinct forms around—your mental excitement increased—you believed she was perhaps dying, and you also believed you saw her form at the garden—fancy came to complete the phenomenon—the impressions on the *cerebellum* increased—your *vascular system*, by excited action, heightened the false formations in the brain, and the form of the lady, as she had recently appeared to you, was conjured up. Reason for the moment was gone—you pursued the vision, and, exhausted with the increasing action of the *arteries*, fell upon the ground."

Ostin acknowledged that his superstitious fears were excited to a great degree, while watching at the church-yard gate, and smiled to think he could have been so weak.

On the day following this complimentary dinner,

the regiment marched to Liverpool, where it embarked. The weather was particularly fine.

As the vessels which conveyed the young colonel, his bride, his sister, and his two friends, approached the bay of Dublin—the tops of the hills, so well known and loved, appearing, bright in the summer's sun—the sweetest associations glistened in both his mind and that of his Emily. As they neared the shore, every cave and every rock, green sloping hill, and dark hollow, seemed to welcome them with faces well known to them; the white, curling waves of the beach, the yellow sand, the foliage of the hills, and the bright sky above—all were their fond familiars. The scene where their love was cradled lay before them, and now smiled with joy at its maturity. Heather-hill, nestling in its dark bowers, welcomed them with promises of further joys, and whispered stories of those gone by—all the enchanting thoughts of all that is truly enchanting in life, floated over the lovers as they contemplated the scene from the deck. Yet as the vessel passed over the spot where the “Good Intent” had exploded—when Sir Edward beheld the Martello Tower, which first received him from the waters—his

thoughts received a pang, and he offered up a mental prayer, in the midst of his pleasures, for the soul of him he loved as a parent—the brave, generous, and faithful Carrol Watts. The gallant Ostin, too, blest in the prospect of his native hills, poured out his rapture to the ears of his lovely bride, and lavished his praises on the scene, as earnest of the happiness to which he hoped to lead her in the midst of its beauties: while their reverend brother, although not less delighted with the view of his sweet home, felt a shadow in the sunshine; for his mind was irresistibly turned to the contemplation of her, now in the grave—his Eliza. Between two hills, in the depth of thick foliage, he could perceive the white spire peering out, as it were, from its green cover; and beneath it, he knew, lay the remains of his beloved. Still, to a mind like his, the contemplation of such a subject, under such circumstances, assumes a melancholy charm, which, like mellowing moonlight, softens all the asperities of the picture.

The heart of Miles Magoverin bounded like that of a child at a play, when the scenes of his boyhood gained on his sight. All his travels,

his troubles, and his dangers came rushing on his mind for an instant, only to contrast the sweet pleasures of Heather-hill. His Kitty, beside him, was not less delighted as she looked on the scene.

“ My jewel,” exclaimed the corporal, “ isn’t that the place, afther all, in the wide world ? O, Kitty, Kitty, my darlin’, doesn’t it take away the sight o’ your eyes ? There’s the great big ash tree : don’t you see it ?—far off there—an’ the row of ould elms—an’ the barn, there, with its brown thatch—an’ the cow-house, where you an’ I, Kitty—O, murther ’an owns !—I *will* say, *domus est domus*, after all.”

We cannot go much further with the companions of our romantic journey, although we could wish it ; time wears apace, and the finest day must have an end. Suffice it to state, that the transports, containing the regiment of our history, moored at the Pigeon House ; the corps, beautifully equipped, complete in complement, and under the command of the young colonel, Sir Edward Vandeleur, marched to the royal barracks, headed by Drum-Major Gregory Stubbs, in a brilliant suit of uniform, and bearing a bâton of

great length and brightness, their fine band filling the air with sweet sounds as they passed along.

Disunion was no longer to be found in the regiment ; the amiable and excellent commanding officer adopted every mode of conciliation within his power, yet exacted from all a strict attention to duty. Nickerman had wisely exchanged, and quitted the regiment, at Hilsey, the benefit of which the officers whom he left soon perceived. Another of his evil disposition he did not leave behind ; but even were there a similar spirit remaining, it would have been quenched in the wisdom of the young commanding officer, who had observed but too well the miseries arising from party differences in a regiment, to suffer their reappearance.

Political party spirit in Ireland, at this time, if not in the tomb, at least slept ; and Mr. Ostin felt the blessings of home again. He resigned his commission of chaplain, and with it the idea of again quitting his native country. He resumed his rustic life ; and in him the officers of the regiment found a hospitable entertainer at Heather-hill. These, with their

ladies, were by him invited “ full many a time, and oft,” to feast in tents upon the green hills ; and happier days they never spent than in this enjoyment. On such occasions Lady Vandeleur was the presiding goddess of the day ; nor were she and her charming sister found wanting in promoting the cordial happiness of the corps. Many a time, too, did Miles (now Sergeant Major) Magoverin and Drum-Major Stubbs, who was fully confirmed in his appointment, stroll out to the hospitable kitchen of Heather-hill, and visit old Barney Cooly, of the “ White Cross,” now much improved in condition, through the bounty of Sir Edward ; and many a delight did Miles feel from the objects which, on those occasions, every where met his view. Here all things were dear to him—and not least the pony ; him he looked upon as part of the family ; nor did he ever depart from Heather-hill without visiting the stable and throwing a feed to his worthy old friend, who, after all his travels and fatigues, was fatter and sleeker than ever.

GENTLEMAN GRAY.

GENTLEMAN GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

But happiness on earth is April's sun,
O'ercast by clouds and showers ere well begun ;
Smoothly our way through life at first may wend,
Yet on the trackless marsh or mountain end.

ONE of the finest young men, as well as one of the best and bravest soldiers, that ever adorned the British cavalry, was Lewy Gray, of the **th light dragoons. He was amongst those who served under the Duke of Wellington in the late war, and, although at that time little more than twenty years of age, had distinguished himself for strict attention

to duty, and heroic courage in the field. 'He was as remarkable for the amiability of his temper and demeanour, as he was admired for the elegant symmetry and military grace of his person. Mounted and accoutred in the handsome and soldier-like uniform of his regiment, he was the perfect model of a British light dragoon ; and although an humble private, his qualifications obtained for him, amongst his comrades, the cognomen of "*Gentleman Gray*."

It is but rarely that such personal advantages as Gray possessed fail in exciting envy and in creating enemies ; but in this case, such suavity of manners, such honesty of principle, such goodness of heart accompanied them, that, so far from being envied or hated, he was beloved by his comrades, and respected by his officers.

It is not very often that such a young man is to be found amongst the private soldiers of an army, which, for the most part, is composed of men but little improved by education beyond the peasant, and frequently vitiated by the early bias of idle and vulgar life ; nor, indeed, should the regiment of which Lewy Gray became a member, have had to

claim the merits of his services, were it not that circumstances had wholly blighted the flattering prospects of his more early years, and left him no choice but want and degradation, or the station of a private soldier.

Within a mile of Canterbury lived the father of our hero, a highly respectable gentleman, possessing three hundred a-year in the funds, and a strong hope in Chancery for the speedy enjoyment of a splendid fortune. This latter possession, however, ultimately proved to be not only wholly unprofitable, but served to promote the quicker solution of the more solid property—his three hundred a year.

Lewy was the only relation he possessed on earth, and the darling of his aged heart: no pains were spared, therefore, to improve, by education, the mind of the youth, and render him worthy of the high expectations which were to be realized by the decision of the Chancery Court, and which were forcibly impressed upon him by his doating parent. Masters of the best description, in the useful and ornamental branches of learning, were entrusted with the care of his mind from its earliest dawn; and at eighteen years of age, Lewy Gray was what is

termed a finished young man, and only awaiting the termination of the suit in Chancery (now daily expected), to enable him to embrace the military profession by the purchase of a cornetcy in the light dragoons. Thus, in the calm ether of his supposed affluence, the hopes of the youth threw a bright halo round the vista of his future career. Possessed of an ardent mind, a glowing imagination, and a high sense of mental nobility, he indulged in the most fascinating views of future heroism and glory. These were heightened in colouring by books of military exploits, which the young enthusiast pored over by day, and dreamt of by night. The fields of Poitiers, Cressy, and Agincourt—of Blenheim, Acre, and Aboukir, were reviewed with precision and delight; while the splendour of Charlemagne, the fortitude of Charles the Swede, and the success of Napoleon, wrought on his youthful fancy impressions which promised never to lose their excitement.

These feelings formed fixed principles in the mind of young Gray, and wedded his hopes firmly to the glories of a military life; nothing remained to be acquired, in order to set the reality into action, but

the expected cornetcy ; and this was looked upon as certain. Thus, in daily expectation of his commission, he was received by the officers of the cavalry dépôt, (with whom he was, for a long time, in the habit of associating) as one of themselves ; and this circumstance served to fascinate him still more (if possible) with the profession on which he had fixed his choice. His father, delighted with the fair promise in his beloved son, indulged him in all his wishes—every thing necessary to his rank was at his command—and Lewy Gray felt that he was one of the happiest beings on earth.

Not a little contributory to the consummation of this happiness was the fixed and glowing affection which Ellen Hammond, a beautiful and amiable young lady, entertained for him. She was the only daughter of a widow, who resided in Canterbury, with that degree of respectability which one hundred a-year, and a government pension, as the widow of a colonel, enabled her to do.

The father of Lewy had been the intimate friend of the deceased colonel, and from the consequent intercourse which existed between both their families, the young pair's tender regard for each other

begun with infancy, and “grew with their growth,” until it strengthened into the most firm attachment. Similar in taste, and equal in the refined accomplishments of the mind, one line of thought and feeling pervaded both: no wonder, then, that one pure and ardent love united their hearts.

Ellen was about sixteen years of age at the time of which we write—in the blossom of beauty, her charms giving promise of the loveliest development. Her form was somewhat below the middle size, light, but full, or, rather, rounding into symmetry. Her face, on which the glow of health enriched the most perfectly handsome features, was oval, and possessed such an expression as the most warm and bounding heart of innocent youth could impart to it; her full eyes were swimming in light, and moved with slowness, as if delighted with their crystal bath; her teeth—so white, so even, so beautiful—threw enchantment into her smile; and her dark, soft, and glossy tresses, teeming in rich profusion, shaded her fair forehead with a bewitching contrast. She was indeed lovely; and the maids of Kent were proud of her—at least, if they were not, in their hearts, they ought to have been so; for in her person she

exalted them even above their well acquired reputation for beauty.

Dearly indeed did Lewy Gray love her—so dearly, that she was as part of his existence. No heart ever doated with more truth and ardour than his on Ellen, except Ellen's on Lewy Gray; and Heaven never moulded two lovers with more happy perfection than these. Their parents beheld their attachment with delight, and looked forward to their union as the greatest blessing of their declining years.

The old oak seat, which was rudely constructed by Lewy, is still to be seen beneath the great tree behind old Mr. Gray's orchard. It is remembered as the spot where he and his Ellen used to sit and love away the summer's evening. Still are to be traced the paths through the rich fields of the old gentleman's estate, where the lovers so often loitered, indulging in visions of future delight, or admiring the beauties of the scenery with which luxuriant nature had blessed the country. The mossy bank, overhung with thick foliage, and hallowed by the wings of the butterfly and the bee, is yet unploughed, where the fond pair so often

reclined, lauding the heroes of ancient chivalry and their beloved mistresses, improving their knowledge and taste by the purest writers, or looking through the leaves above them at the beautiful sky, and painting thereon the figures of their more beautiful imaginations. But the spell is broken—the forms that seemed the enchanted spirits of the place, are gone, and they are only remembered as having once been.

The elysium through which the lovers floated was doomed to sudden change. In the bright meridian of their hopes, a cloud came and turned all to gloom. The Chancery suit was decided against old Mr. Gray, and thus were cut short the expectations alike of him and his son. It was a blow which, in felling the long cherished hopes of the old man, crushed also his vital energies: grief fixed on his mind, and, in a few months after the misfortune, he died broken-hearted, leaving behind him but little more effects than were sufficient to satisfy his lawyers, and place his body becomingly in the grave.

This calamity struck the hearts of the lovers heavily, but it did not shake their affections—it rather served to bind them more firmly together.

Although it darkened their prospects of future life, yet they found a more calm and more subdued light upon them, which enabled them to see objects with more truth than before, and therefore had the effect of fixing their energies, if possible, more permanantly on their way. The rugged mountain of life for the first time appeared before them ; but they were not daunted ; each looked to assisting the other, and thus both forgot their troubles.

The high mind of Lewy Gray, unaccustomed as it was to the flexibility necessary to pass poverty through the world, could not brook the idea of dependance ; and, least of all, a dependance upon the mother of his beloved Ellen, who, on the death of his father and consequent sale of his property, had offered her protection to the son of her deceased friend, and the idol of her only daughter ; which for the time the youth had accepted. With the few pounds remaining after the wreck, he took lodgings in the town, but usually dined and passed the evening at Mrs. Hammond's. For a few weeks only did he bear the irksome toil of this dependance ; during which

time he tried every means in his power to obtain an honourable mode of life, but without success. He memorialled the commander-in-chief; but being wholly unrecommended, failed, in obtaining his wishes; he applied to some of his father's acquaintances, who formerly had been the most attentive to his family and the most lavish of their proffers of friendship, but received such replies as, to a mind formed like Gray's, were worse than blunt refusals. Heart-sick, and thoroughly disgusted, therefore, with the coldness of those whom he had fancied friends, he turned with increased gratitude to the mother of his Ellen, as the only true friend he possessed on earth. But she was a widow, possessing only a moderate competency—he was a beggar! The thought of such a life as was to be only supported by the benevolence of one who might hereafter require all she possessed for her only and adored daughter, his own idol, he could not bear; therefore, he resolved to try the fortune of his sword in defence of his country.

With this determination Gray felt comparatively quiet in his mind — the struggle was over—he knew a remedy, and, painful as that remedy might

be, and doubtful as might turn out its effects, he was resolved to give it a trial, fixing his hopes strongly upon success. His knowledge of the fact, that some of the best officers of the British army had risen from the ranks to greatness and glory, soothed his mind, and excited his hopes in no small degree. He had reasoned fully on the subject; and the result was, that neither honour nor virtue was necessarily to be destroyed in becoming a private soldier; but, on the contrary, that a field was opened to the truly honourable mind where it might shew itself in the brightest colours. He turned the question over and over in his imagination, and found his resolution strengthened as he considered it. Even his love for Ellen appeared as an argument in favour of his purpose; for he pictured fondly to himself his rapid promotion to hold his majesty's commission, and, therefore, to the happy day when he might come forward with independence and make her his wife.

Three days only had elapsed from the time he conceived the idea of enlisting as a soldier until he fixed his resolution fully upon it. Few lovers of Gray's youth, beloved as he was by Ellen, could have

made up their minds to leave such a mistress; but would have suffered the sweet danger of dwelling in her society to steal over their senses like the subtle poison of the poppy, until they should sink into rapid and eternal slumber, or be awakened only by the struggles and suffering which follow the baneful, but pleasant, narcotic.

On the evening before the putting of his resolution into practice, Lewy was sitting alone at the drawing-room window, situated at the back of Mrs. Hammond's house, gazing at the beautiful country where he had passed his happiest hours, and ranging his eyes over every bush, and tree, and hill, and rivulet, as if he were taking a last farewell of all. The day was drawing to a close—the sun was setting, and gave a rich tint to the scene—scarcely a breeze flew by, and nature lay before him as if she feared to disturb the sacred course of his thoughts. He beheld the house of his lamented father, and the luxuriant foliage which surrounded it—the home of his youth—but, now, no more to him, except as the source of sad remembrance. He thought of his blighted hopes with bitterness,

and, yielding to the agitation of his bosom, laid his head upon his arms, and wept in silence.

In this attitude he remained nearly an hour, wrapt in his paroxysm of melancholy, unconscious of where he really was, and wandering in his imagination over the delightful scenes of his youth, now about to be quitted by him, perhaps for ever. Ellen entered the room, and with her sweet voice awakened him from his reverie. Gray arose hastily, and concealing as well as he could the too evident marks of grief which were on his cheek, he pressed his beloved to his heart with more than usual warmth, kissed her forehead repeatedly, while the affectionate and sensitive girl pressed her head against his bosom to hide the irresistible tears that were bursting from her eyes.

“Why do you weep, Ellen?” murmured Lewy.

The answer was given only by her ivory arms; they pressed him closer, and the embrace was the eloquence of her heart. Gray well understood it, and it was acknowledged by his silent tears.

When the excess of feeling had subsided, the youth was about to speak on the subject of his quitting Canterbury, when the voice of her mother,

as she ascended the staircase, speaking to her servant, stopped his intention. Seizing Ellen's hand, he pressed it to his lips, and thus addressed her in quick and subdued accents.

"The moon is rising, and the night will be beautiful. I have much to say to you, Ellen. Will you meet me at twelve o'clock in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden?"

"Why, my dear Lewy, this singular request?" demanded Ellen.

"I have much to say to you on the subject dearest to us. Do not hesitate—will you come?"

"I will," was the reply, as her mother entered the room and approached to take the hand of Gray and chide him affectionately for having absented himself from dinner that day. He excused himself by pleading illness; but the real cause was the indisposition he had felt to disturb the operation of his thoughts in binding himself to his resolution, and the fear he had felt of indulging much in the company of Ellen, lest he might be induced to waver.

The evening passed away, notwithstanding all the exertions of Ellen's mother to relieve it, with a

melancholy they never before experienced ; yet Lewy had more warmly urged than usual his beloved Ellen to play those airs which had so often delighted him, and he listened with undivided attention ; but, like music in the tomb, it only, by contrast, made all around his heart more melancholy. The deep sigh and the unseen tear were the only elicitation of her syren voice and melodious skill on the chords of the piano-forte. Even Mrs. Hammond caught the spirit of melancholy which breathed over them. The evening passed away ; it was eleven o'clock, and Gray stood up to retire. The old woman remarked the agitation which shewed itself in his manner, and inquired the cause ; but excuses were offered which silenced if not satisfied her, and she saw him depart with more than feelings of doubt as to his health. He pressed her hand to his breast as he left the door, and, ejaculating “ God bless you ! ” hurried away.

The hour of twelve was striking by the cathedral clock as Lewy entered the garden, through an opening in the fence, from the orchard behind it. His Ellen had been waiting some moments : her mother

and the rest of the inmates had retired to sleep. She trembled and felt oppressed with melancholy ; something she could not account for hung heavily on her spirits. The singularity of her lover's request, together with his remarkable depression of heart and singularity of manner while with her in the evening, wrought deeply on her mind, and made her fear some bitter if not fatal declaration from his lips.

"Ellen," whispered Gray, "we can now converse without interruption. Come, my love—the night is as gentle and lovely as yourself : let us walk through the orchard, beneath the trees, and there we may speak without danger of being overheard."

"Yes, Lewy, I love this hour : and to pass it with you will be my greatest happiness ! How bright the moon is—I think it makes you look pale. O, Lewy, what is pressing so heavily on your mind ?"

"Come, then, and I will tell you." They proceeded through a wicker-gate into the orchard, and as they walked, Gray continued thus :—

"Ellen, it is now wholly improbable that I

shall receive a commission in the service to which I have so long devoted my hopes and wishes. My mind has been formed for a military life, and to give up all hope of it would be impossib'le. I have one chance, and one only, of realizing my desire—it is painful in the approach, but I trust that it will prove happy in the accomplishment—I have made up my mind to become a private soldier, and to strive for fortune by my sword!"

"O, Levy!" was all that Ellen could say: and she clung, with almost frantic feelings on the shoulder of her lover. "O, you will not leave me?" she murmured, after a painful pause; "you will not, surely, leave your own Ellen?"

"I would not leave you, my love, but that my presence any longer here would deprive me of the hopes I yet possess of passing the greatest part of my life in your beloved society. I go, Ellen, in order to enable me to acquire a rank and profession in life, which, by the death of my father, I lost. If I stay, I must die—my life must sink under the pressure of my feelings. Your mind, my adored girl, is worthy of your charms; it is firm and decisive: say, then, can you not bring it to the

toleration of one act which, although it separate us for a few years, will yet unite us happily ? I know your nature, Ellen, and, therefore, have preferred informing you of my intention, and receiving your approbation, to leaving you in silence and a prey to doubt. But we shall not be long separated—I go but to return and make you happy ! If I do not, I again say, I shall die !”

Ellen started ; then paused, as if in deep thought. This abstraction was the sudden exertion of her mind to adopt an energetic conception ; her countenance assumed a resolute expression ; she looked for a moment steadily into the eyes of her lover, on whose face the moon fully was shining, and then exclaimed—

“ Let us die, Lewy, let us die ! for if we part, we shall never meet again !”

“ Yes, yes, we shall meet again. Should I become a soldier, it does not follow that I never see you more.”

“ Vain, vain indeed is the hope !—let us die, let us die, Lewy ! We shall die in each other’s arms ! There is the bright water before us, that

will cover us in quiet, and shine peacefully over us and our troubles!—O, let us die together!”

“ But your mother—!”

This word overcame her as suddenly as her resolution was lighted.

“ O, stay with us, stay with us, Lewy—my mother looks upon you as her son! Do not, do not leave us!”

“ You love me, Ellen?”

“ I do!”

“ Then could you bear to see me waste my life by inch-meal, with the torturing thought of dependence gnawing my heart, while one bold effort could give me back my life and energies? What is before me if I stay? Destruction to both of us! I possess no hope of settlement in the world. Your mother, although enabled to bear herself and you with affluence through life, cannot, shall not, be burdened with me! Are the feelings of my heart not valuable to you, Ellen? You know my heart's nature, and, therefore, should also know that death or independence can be my only choice!”

“ I know your heart, Lewy; and could I trust

the dangers of absence—could I think that it would still beat in affection for me as it does now, I would not oppose the truly noble efforts which it makes !”

“ If that be the only obstacle to your permission, Ellen, my truth—your knowledge of my truth, and of my love for you, must remove it. I have no scruples of *your* faith ; why, then, think me less worthy than I deserve ? O, Ellen, we are yet very young : in two years more you shall not have passed your eighteenth year, nor I my twenty-second ; and in that time, if diligence, and devotion to the profession I enter, give me not preferment, it shall not be my fault ! Many of our high and best officers have risen from the ranks ; and why not I ? My education is of an order to inspire me with confidence. I will be diligent in my duties, faithful in my trust, and will not flinch from — ! In fact, Ellen, I feel confident of success. Say, will you accede to my wish ?”

“ Command me as you think fit,” cried the weeping girl ; “ you love me, I know, Lewy, and whatever you think, will not oppose our happiness,

Your wisdom is stronger than mine—you know best ; and may Heaven direct you ! I will bear my part in the ordeal !”

“ Bless you, my dear Ellen—my hope—my existence : you make me happy ! Be but patient for two years, and all shall be well : your Lewy will return with honour and competence, and we shall meet, never to part again !”

They remained for two hours in the fairy scene—the glistening water beside them—the silent branches above them—the green turf beneath, and the perfumed breezes of summer around—their sweet converse only interrupted by the fitful strains of the nightingale ! Many times did they go to the wicket-gate which led from the orchard, and said and sighed farewell ! and as many times did they go back “ once more” to the verge of the river ; till, at length, the morning opened its beauteous eyes upon them, and warned them with a smile to depart ! They separated—Ellen in the expectation of seeing Lewy on the next day, but Lewy as if he were about to lose his Ellen for ever ! There was an intensity of anxiety in his looks, and a wildness in his demeanour, as he

pressed her to his bosom in the moment of parting, that alarmed her ; she began to fail in her hope, and trembled lest she should not see him again ; but Lewy mastered his emotion, and lulled the rising suspicion. She passes across the garden—he quits the orchard—she sees him no more—he gazes on his Ellen from behind the thick branches, and, with his hands clenched and elevated to heaven, watches her retiring steps, while he loudly prays a blessing on her. The door closes, and she is gone.

CHAPTER II.

Farewell! farewell!—O, dark's my heart,
Though bright's the sun that's o'er me;
For thou'rt behind, my own dear girl!
The world's rough road's before me.
The hope that dies, the friend that flies,
The scorn of pride may wound me;
But little care I, whilst I bear
That charm, thy love, around me.

LEWY GRAY, without laying his head upon a pillow, after parting with his Ellen, mounted the London stage, determined to seek in the metropolis a recruiting party, with which he might enter the service at once. His reasons for not enlisting at Canterbury, the station of so many depots of cavalry regiments, were, first, because he was not only well

known to the town's-people, but to the officers quartered there; and, second, because he had resolved that his Ellen and her mother should not be witnesses of what, although not dishonourable, was humiliating to his feelings.

As the coach on which he sat moved away from his native place, his anxious eye flew over the loved scenes of his happy infancy, as if it were about to lose the objects of its gaze for ever; and as the rapidly rolling wheels threatened the immediate separation, he fixed his last look on the house beneath the roof of which lay the girl of his heart, while the rising tear swelled before his vision, and bedimmed the scene which the next moment tore completely away. Canterbury was gone from him, and all it contained—all, indeed, that was dear to him in the world—his Ellen, her kind mother, and his father's grave. The heart of the youth almost ceased to pulsate; but the firmness and necessity of his purpose came to its relief, and enabled him to break from his reflection, and seek consolation in contemplating his hopes. He looked down on the road over which he was hurrying, and, in his mind's eye, traced its happy termination through

danger and difficulty back to the beloved spot which he had just left.

Within a few hours, he arrived at Charing-cross, London, and without delay proceeded to the Horse-guards, in order to observe what cavalry regiments were on duty there. Several of the * * light dragoons were standing at the gate talking to some of the Blues—all were evidently on duty. The latter named corps had not then established for themselves the name which they always so well deserved: they had not been on service, and were looked upon, from not having demonstrated their prowess in the field, as little better than yeomen kept for shew, and styled by the people “Beef-eaters,” by way of reproach: how undeservedly, their subsequent courage, discipline, and might, at the memorable battle of Waterloo, will best explain. Owing to this general prejudice, or perhaps from supposing that the Blues were not likely to be sent on foreign service, Lewy Gray resolved to offer himself to the light dragoons in preference. He accordingly addressed one of the soldiers who was in the “light” uniform, and begged to speak a word in private with him. Lewy’s dress and appearance

commanded the immediate attention of the soldier, who now left his comrades, and walked aside as requested. The youth at once asked him whether his regiment would receive recruits ; at which, the countenance of the soldier, who, although a young man, appeared to have been what in regimental phrase is designated “ an old hand,” beamed with such a look as the enthusiastic angler displays when he beholds his hook passing into the gills of a three-pound trout. He eagerly inquired—who wished to “ list ? ”—was it himself ? &c. ; and Gray frankly informed him of the fact. The dragoon instantly commenced his peculiar operations on the youth, by assuring him that he was the most fortunate fellow alive—that the regiment wanted many corporals and sergeants, and insinuating that a well educated young man, as he seemed to be, would make his fortune in the 22th light dragoons—that he would himself bring him to the sergeant recruiting for the corps, and all should be settled satisfactorily before night. He concluded, however, by *inviting* Gray to the canteen close by, where, he said, they should perhaps find the sergeant, who would give him not only the sealing

shilling, but an advance on the bounty-money ; and that they could then have something to drink. The dragoon then beckoned to one of his comrades, who immediately approached, and was introduced by the other to Lewy Gray, as a particular friend, who would go along with them.

The introduction of this “particular friend” shewed not only a proper regard for friendship in the mind of the introducer, but a talent worthy of a good tactician ; for the recruiting sergeant, he knew in all probability was not in the canteen, and this particular friend proved of considerable assistance in acting as Mercury on the occasion—“stepped out” to Westminster for the sergeant, while his comrade and director remained in conversation with Gray, over some ale, which the former assured him was excellent.

In less than a quarter of an hour, the *express*-dragoon returned, preceded by the recruiting sergeant, Mr. Hontherdonk, a portly, happy looking son of the sword, who, without ceremony, addressed Lewy Gray ; at the same time taking a glass of ale which the dragoon had placed before him.

“I’m happy to see you, my friend,” said the

sergeant ; you seem a good-looking young fellow ; and no doubt, if you join our regiment, you will be a credit to it : so, I'll drink success to you in your undertaking, my lad."

Lewy Gray thanked him, and put his glass to the others, by way of returning the compliment, when the sergeant pulled from his purse a handful of silver, and offering a shilling to the new candidate, requested him to take it in the king's name, and become a soldier. Gray hesitated not, but took the coin, and, with a cheer from the others, he was hailed a soldier of the " old 22th light dragoons."

It was now about mid-day, and the sergeant having announced the hour from his own watch, declared he should have "*someot*" to eat. He rung the bell, and at once ordered a dish of rump steaks. The novelty and excitement of the scene rendered Lewy Gray passive to the arrangements of the sergeant : he stood upon the threshold of a new world, as it were ; and it was not for him, he very properly thought, to oppose the first objects that presented themselves. Young as he was, nature had endowed him with a strong mind ; and education had prepared it for life. Bred as he was a

gentleman, he felt not at perfect ease in this new society; but was not without that philosophy, which teaches resignation and prudence in those ways which, however unpleasant they may appear, lead to success. He felt that he had now consummated the first act that was to give a decided character to his future life, and this feeling created an elevation in his mind, that, for the time, put aside all unpleasant reflections. His journey was now begun, and he therefore felt comparatively happy. His companions, entertained as they were at the expense of the new recruit (for that he should pay for the entertainment, they knew there could be no doubt), felt as happy as soldiers under such circumstances generally are; and hilarity was the deity of the hour.

“Are you a Lunnon man?” inquired the serjeant of the recruit, as he finished his lunch.

“No, I am a native of Canterbury;” replied Gray.

“Ah!—a fine town!—a fine town!” exclaimed his three companions at once.

“I’d wager a crown bowl that I’ll tell what you

were before you came to town—only give me four guesses.”

“ That you perhaps may be able to do,” returned Gray, suspecting that the serjeant might have been quartered in Canterbury, and that perhaps he knew him.

The serjeant reiterated his challenge, backed by the other two dragoons. Lewy Gray declined betting: but the challenge was urged, and at length accepted, without a care either for winning or losing on the part of the youth.

“ Well, Phil Pointer,” said the serjeant, addressing himself to the soldier whom Gray had first accosted at the gate of the Horse Guards, “ observe that I bet a crown bowl with this here young man, that I shall tell in four guesses what he was before he left Canterbury.”

“ All right—I am witness,” said Phil Pointer.

“ So am I,” added Roland.

Hontherdonk, now fixing his portly body uprightly in his seat, and sipping his ale, looked steadily at his mark; and, after a smack of his lips, and a rub of the back of his hand to his mouth, proceeded to the terms of his wager.

"You were, Sir," said he, "either a gentleman—a clerk—a teacher—or a tradesman. Come, what do you say to that? Am I right? I know I am."

"Yes, yes," laughed out Phil Pointer, "the sergeant has won—and it would be very strange if he hadn't—he's a clerk—he's a clerk."

"No, he's not a clerk," observed Hontherdonk, placing both his hands on his knees, and looking with superiority, "he's a teacher—ay, I'll swear he's a teacher of larnin', or fencing, or dauncing, or someot o' that kind."

"You are wrong, sergeant," observed Roland.

"Wrong! pooh! *you* are a rear-rank man; what do *you* know about teaching?" retorted Hontherdonk.

"Front or rear, sergeant, my guess is nearest: *I* say he is a gentleman," rejoined Roland, with a look of seriousness that shewed the sincerity of his opinion.

"Well, what say you, Sir—am I right?" demanded the sergeant.

"I will not say how far you are right; but this I will say," replied Lewy Gray, "you have

won ; and you shall have your wager. I am satisfied with the change I have made, from what I have been to what I am ; and, whether gentleman or teacher, clerk or tradesman, I feel that I am not now inferior by being a private soldier. A soldier is as good and may be as happy and as respectable as other men : he has only one thing to do to make him so, and that is, to do his duty strictly ; he who does so, feels his mind usefully and profitably employed : he gains the esteem of his superiors, and meets certain reward. It is only by neglect of duty that the soldier becomes disreputable and unhappy ; he thus breaks his contract with his country, and, in consequence, meets with disgrace and trouble."

" You speak rightly," said the sergeant.

" And like a *gentleman*," cried Roland.

" But do you not think," demanded Phil Pointer, " that a labourer who earns his weekly support is more independent ?"

" I do not," replied Gray ; " I think he is less independent than the soldier who does his duty."

" Right," exclaimed Hontherdonk ; who, as recruiting sergeant, felt it necessary to support the

love of military life in all young men: "but," continued he, "go on, young fellow, don't let me interrupt you: I like to hear you speak, for you have got the gift, I see."

"From the wise principles," resumed Gray, "upon which the British nation has taken care of the maintenance and comforts of its army, a soldier lives on his pay better than either the peasant or the generality of artizans. His wants are all provided for—his food, his clothes, his house-room, his bedding; and from the regularity with which he necessarily lives, he enjoys existence far more than the man who, by his daily labour, is obliged to seek his sustenance with uncertainty. The amount of his pay is merely nominal."

"There I differ with you," interrupted Hontherdonk; "I never found that I received more than sixteen pence per day as a private dragoon, one and eight pence as a corporal, and two and three pence as a sergeant. If you make more out of it, I'll thank you."

"That you are allowed but so much per day, I grant," continued Gray, "but that you receive more value for a shilling in the army than you

could out of it, I can prove. You receive your meat at four pence per pound, your bread at three-half-pence, and your lodging for nothing. You have warm and comfortable clothing, good and wholesome food (for if the officers do their duty it *must* be so); you are always clean and appear respectably; every mean is taken to preserve your health while well, and every medical attention paid to you when sick. How could you obtain all these advantages for this sum of your pay individually? Impossible! it is only by the wise economy of government that you obtain them; that government contracts in the gross for all matters required for the soldier's support, and thus obtains them at the very smallest possible cost. I feel confident in the opinion, that no man could procure similar necessities, and live, upon the whole, as a soldier, for less than four or five times the amount of his pay."

"There is something in that," observed the sergeant, "we certainly don't want for any thing."

"*You* don't, Mr. Hontherdonk," cried Pointer, "nor any *sergeant*; but we *privates* are not so fortunate."

“ Why, what are you in want of ?” inquired the sergeant.

“ I’ll tell you :—we want more sap, to make our countenances bloom like yours, Mr. Hontherdonk.”

“ What ! drink ?” exclaimed the sergeant. “ O you drunken trooper ; if you had the Serpentine in brandy, you would not be satisfied until you had the New River in rum. If you were to be allowed a bowl of punch of the size that you would wish, the whole of the West India islands could not produce sugar enough to make it commonly palatable. Haven’t you your balances to furnish you with drink ? Why, when I was a private, if I had but fourpence halfpenny coming to me on the twenty-fourth, I made it last me the month ; but you—I saw you receive last Friday five shillings and seven pence halfpenny ; that ought to enable you to swim in drink till the next twenty-fourth.”

“ I should like to have a leaf out of your stoppage book, Mr. Hontherdonk,” returned Phil Pointer, with a smile and a wink at the young recruit.

“ I got my leaf from an old Scotch Grey man.

I'll tell you how ne used to manage:—he never went into a public-house by himself, and seldom without a townsman; he found no trouble in picking up idlers, who, for the sake of keeping company with a fine dragoon, and hearing him tell about battles that he had never fought, and fine sights that he had never seen, always cleared him from his share in the reckoning. But Sawny was a prudent man—he never pushed a willing customer too far, and always had a few shillings in his pocket, which he never failed to draw forth when the bill was to be paid—however, they were sure to go back from whence they had come; and so he had his drink, his money, and his independence.”

“ Give me foreign service, say I, where we have our grog and wine for nothing,” cried Pointer.

“ Stop, stop!” returned the sergeant, “ not for nothing, my worthy private; you pay fourpence halfpenny a day, my boy, for your sustenance.”

“ Very well; then, leaving fourpence halfpenny more for stoppages to pay for clothes, we have the remainder to spend—it is not so on home service. What with new clothing and new necessaries, and one thing or other, I'm generally in debt to my

troop: stoppages run away with the most part of my pay, the remainder runs away of itself."

"But drink," observed Lewy Gray, "is not essential to comfort and happiness; on the contrary, it tends to destroy both: a soldier's duty requires the health both of body and mind, drinking tends to injure both. If a man can confine himself to moderate indulgence in drinking, it may be admitted; but few are able to do so—and surely you all must allow that drunkenness in a soldier is not only injurious to his health, but a great crime. The safety of a whole army might be endangered by the drunkenness of a single sentinel. Men should be aware of encouraging the habit of drinking; it is seductive and treacherous. As for drunkenness in a non-commissioned officer, it is unpardonable; for he cannot be in any way fitting for his responsible situation, if he possess that vice."

"Still a sergeant ought to have the privilege of getting drunk as well as an officer," observed Hontherdonk.

"It is not right for either officer or soldier to

get drunk ; but both, I think, may, without blame, enjoy themselves over their glass rationally at proper times."

" You say what is just ; and now I think we had better proceed to business," said the serjeant, putting on his sash.

All stood up, and Lewy Gray took an opportunity of settling the expenses of the " lunch," which nobody took notice of, or at least if they did, it was in silence. When this necessary part of the ceremony was gone through, Sergeant Hontherdonk, putting on his shaco, and tucking his *rattan* under his arm, loudly called for the landlord, who, attending, was asked by the *commander* of the party, in a consequential tone, what was to pay ? and on hearing that all had been arranged on that *score* by the recruit, he chuckled, and assured Gray that it should be *his* turn next. At this Phil Pointer put his mouth to the serjeant's ear, and *roared* out :—

" Sergeant Hontherdonk, that was a fine lesson you got from the Scotch Greys."

But the serjeant took the " rub" good-humour-

edly, and turned off the laugh, by inquiring how the recruit could have got such a just knowledge of the army.

“ If you were not so young,” continued he, “ I should have set you down as a deserter.”

“ I shall never desert,” returned Gray : “ desertion is not only a criminal act, but a silly one. Every police magistrate in the country, and their officers, know of each desertion a few hours after it has taken place through the ‘ *Hue and Cry*’—age, name, description ; and the reward held out to all who arrest deserters renders concealment very difficult—this, not to mention the crime of breaking my oath to my country, I think quite sufficient to secure my services. When I become a deserter, I hope I shall receive its justly severe punishment.

The party now retired from the canteen, at the door of which the two privates left the sergeant and Lewy Gray, with a hearty shake of the hand to the latter, and a wish that he might be appointed to their troop—whether or not sincere in that wish, it is not necessary to inquire ; however, as the bounty money was yet to come, there are doubts on the

subject; at least as regarded one of them—Mr. Philip Pointer.

Lewy Gray, conducted by the sergeant, proceeded to the magistrate's office at Queen Square, Westminster, and there was attested or sworn in, a British soldier. From thence they went to a house in the neighbourhood, where his quarter for the night was to be, together with the other recruits belonging to the regiment into which he had enlisted, amounting to eight, most of whom were, from appearance, of an order that our hero by no means approved of; they were not plain country lads, nor honest looking tradesmen; but, by the fashion of their clothes, seemed what might be called the ruins of the shabby genteel, with an expression of countenance that displayed an intimate acquaintance with the worst haunts in town. Yet they were of good size, and about to enter a school in which were excellent masters, and no doubt would soon learn how to behave themselves according to military rule.

It was a mean public-house in which those recruits were seated; and when Lewy entered along with the sergeant, they hailed him with wild

and loud welcome, the sounds of which, emanating as they did, from such a group, rung with painful echo on the heart of the youth : however, he soon quenched this sensibility, in reflecting that such was the natural consequence of his progress, and that it should soon pass.

Gray sat down while the sergeant was arranging matters with the owner of the house for accommodation of a better description than ordinary for him ; and while this was being done, he had an opportunity of observing a young man, who sat in a corner, evidently in deep mental suffering. He was dressed unlike the others, rather genteelly than otherwise ; his clothes were in good condition, but abused, as if they had not been removed from his person for the preceding night or two, and bore the marks of having been the only covering he had had in lying on the common earth. There was something in his countenance at variance with the character of his costume ; he looked a harmless country youth ; his cravat was extremely white, although greatly disarranged, and formed a strong contrast with the smoky and ragged muslin which surrounded the necks of the others. Gray fixed

his eyes on him, and continued to watch his countenance, although surrounded with merry brawlers whose intrusions he was forced to bear. He saw him lean his cheek upon his hand, and as he gazed vacantly on the dim window of the wretched room in which they were assembled, a tear slowly rolled down his smooth, and yet florid cheek, which he hastily brushed away; and, as if to check the current of his rushing feelings, arose, and walked over to an old picture, which hung on the wall, and affected to examine it: but Gray observed him frequently raise his hand to his face with sudden movement while he stood apparently looking at the object before him, and thereby judged that something else, besides the dingy coat of the picture, prevented his seeing it.

Gray determined to accost him; as he seemed the only one amongst the recruits with whom he felt the slightest sympathy: accordingly, he took an opportunity of addressing him when the others were engaged in boisterous mirth. He found him as desirous of conversing as Gray was himself; each seemed happy to find, where they had least expected, a person of congenial character. From the short con-

versation which took place between them while the sergeant was absent, Gray inferred that the other, like himself, had left behind one that was dear to him, and that he was forced by misfortune to enlist. Similarity of situations instantly interested Lewy in his favour, and he frankly invited him to adjourn with him to a room of a better description than that in which they then sat, and thus avoid the company of the other recruits, evidently disagreeable to both. The invitation was gratefully accepted; and the sergeant having returned and informed Gray that a very snug little room was exclusively at his service, they at once removed to it.

In the course of the evening, the two young recruits found themselves alone, the sergeant having retired to the lower part of the house, to arrange matters amongst his noisy squad, and to employ himself in tasting a beverage more agreeable to him than tea, which Gray had ordered to be supplied. His departure was highly acceptable to both him and his companion; for although the sergeant was a conversationist in his own way, his opinions, style, and sentiments not at all accorded with theirs: nor could they even tolerate his com-

pany without pain, oppressed as both were with reflections of so absorbing a character, and so repulsive to the uninteresting talk of Mr. Sergeant Hontherdonk.

“ We are to join the regiment to-morrow morning at Hounslow,” said Gray.

“ Yes,” responded Aldsworth, (the name of Gray’s companion,) and I understand that we shall soon go out to Spain.”

“ For that I am not sorry,” returned Gray ; “ service is the only chance we shall have of gaining promotion. It is a fine corps, and the sooner it goes into action the better.”

“ If I should be ordered to Spain,” rejoined Aldsworth, “ I shall then wish, like you, to go into the field, and seek for glory ; but, I must confess, I should rather not leave England. Would to God I had not enlisted ! Yesterday, like you, I thought every day a century that stood between me and the day of battle ; but a few hours have changed my mind, and made me rather wish that I had never been born than to have bound myself to serve as a soldier.”

“What caused so sudden a change in your mind?”

“This letter, Sir,” replied Aldsworth, taking a paper from his pocket; “these few lines written here—written by a woman—by the same woman who caused me to leave my home, and all I love, to become a soldier.”

“But why not return to her, and to your home? Should you be happy, and would she be happy, if you were to return?”

“Happy?—blest, Sir. I’ll tell you how this misfortune occurred. I had paid my addresses to a young girl in my native town, Oxford. I loved her dearly; but she treated me in such a manner that I never could ascertain whether or not my attentions were received as I could wish; sometimes she was kind and encouraging—sometimes cold and averse to me. We were of the same rank in life—she resided with her father, a clergyman, and I with my mother, a naval officer’s widow. Neither families possessed more than competence; but had I been fortunate enough to have been united to her whom I sought, I should have taken orders, and by my father’s interest, have done very well: but, Sir,

she trifled with me for more than a year; and but last week declared to me that she seriously thought of accepting the proffered hand of a rich tradesman. She even dismissed me with a request that I should forget her, and never see her more. Destracted, I quitted Oxford for London, wandered about, scarcely knowing whither, for several days, and at length enlisted. As soon as I found myself bound to the fate of a military life, I recovered my feelings, at least I felt that kind of reckless ness which a knowledge of the worst that can befall inspires—a despair in which I took delight, and wrote to my mother a contrite and parting letter. The good old woman instantly informed her of the cause of my rashness, where I was, and what I had done; the consequence was, that I received a letter from my dear girl, of the most affectionate nature, declaring her firm and unalterable attachment to me—that she would never marry any other than me, and excusing herself for trifling with my feelings by saying that it was for the purpose of trying my affection, and of making me love her still more than I did before. This explanation, alas! came too late, and all my

hopes are lost. To procure two substitutes to serve in my place, is out of my power, nor could my friends raise the amount required, which would be, at least, fifty pounds; for the bounty now is sixteen guineas each man, and the additional expences attending the procuring of substitutes, little short of ten pounds. No, the die is cast, and I must lose all my looked-for happiness."

As Aldsworth ceased speaking, he became greatly agitated, and walked to the window to conceal the tears which forced their way from his eyes. Gray pitied him from his heart, but remained silent until the painful struggle had passed from his companion's mind, and then said, in the warmth of his generous heart,

"I wish, from my soul, that I could pay the money for you, but that, unfortunately, is not in my power; I do not possess half the sum, even including the value of my watch and seals."

"Sir, I thank you sincerely for your kind feelings towards me, and am grateful, I assure you. —I can bear it, bitter as it is."

"Had you been but two days enlisted," continued Gray, "you might claim your discharge on

paying smart money—some trifle, such as a pound or two.”

“ Could I ? ” exclaimed Alsworth, in an ecstasy of hope, “ think you it is possible ? ”

“ I do.”

“ O, Sir, it was Heaven sent you across my way. I have ~~been~~ but one day enlisted.”

“ Then I ~~am~~ certain you can get off—and this very evening, if you wish.”

The happily astonished young man now fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for the deliverance thus before him, with as much sincerity of soul as if it were an ignominious death he had escaped ; then shaking the hand of Lewy Gray with grateful earnestness, he became almost frantic with joy.

“ The smart-money, I believe, is under two pounds,” said Gray. “ It is a privilege all recruits have : if they alter their minds within forty-eight hours, they may pay the sum, and thus be set free.”

Suddenly the countenance of Aldsworth became depressed ; he stopped in the centre of the room, and, striking his forehead, exclaimed,

“ Oh Heaven ! it is too late : before I can receive the money from my mother, I shall have been more than the given time enlisted. Oh, I am an unfortunate fellow ! ”

“ I have got the money, my good Sir : do not distress yourself about that : there it is ; and if three times the sum were necessary, you should have it. I know what it is to be forced from those we love.”

Aldsworth became almost overpowered with his feelings. He spoke few words, but they were forcible expressions of the intensity of his gratitude.

The sergeant, on his return, was informed of his intention to pay the smart-money, with which, although he did not seem pleased, he was obliged to acquiesce. Next morning, the liberated lover parted from his benefactor with blessings and thanks, promising to remit by return of post the amount of the money so generously lent him. With joy in his heart, he proceeded back to Oxford ; and although this happiness enlivened in Lewy Gray's mind, by the force of contrast, the bitterness of his own situation, yet he could not but feel gratified at being the means of restoring

the lover to a state similar to that which he should have so much desired himself.

On the same day, Lewy Gray, along with the sergeant and the other recruits, proceeded to the head-quarters of the regiment, at Hounslow, by a stage coach, inside of which the youth hid himself and his reflections ; while his comrades in the charge of Hontherdonk, on the roof, attracted the gaze of the passing crowds, by their boisterous hilarity. The streaming ribbons, yellow, red, blue, and white, which ornamented the ragged and dirty hats of the recruits outside the coach, seemed to have imparted to them a consequence which they conceived authorised them to jeer at or abuse every one who passed them on the road, to which the sergeant listened as quietly as a lamb ; for he was too well acquainted with the recruiting service, to hope to alter a practice so ancient and agreeable,

CHAPTER III.

Cover pure gold with what you will,
It may not shine, but gold 'tis still.

THE sergeant and his squad having arrived at Hounslow, they dismounted, and marched at once to the cavalry barracks, on approaching which Gray felt somewhat embarrassed at the inquiring gaze of the group on guard at the gate; not from the circumstance of his being a recruit, but from being accompanied, as he was, by individuals of such irregular costume: he would have gladly been for the moment as ragged as his companions, for he could not help feeling that his genteel appearance rendered him an exceptionable character, and consequently drew down upon him the busy re-

marks of the soldiers. To add to his unpleasant feelings, just as the squad was about to enter the gate, they were impeded by the whole regiment in watering order, and obliged to retreat a few paces to let them pass. There poor Gray stood in rank with the "*Westminster rangers*," as they might be termed, until all the men had passed, enduring the glances of humorous surprise and scrutinizing inspection of each as he rode by him; and as dragoons riding in their stable-dress, chat as they like to each other, quite at their ease, the remarks which fell from them as they slowly moved by the recruits, were not calculated to allay in Gray's mind the effect of their significant looks.

He had not yet passed the intensity of the ordeal—the officers were yet to come. A considerable number of those were standing in the barrack-yard, among which was the commanding officer. That gentleman having espied his newly-arrived reinforcement, beckoned to Sergeant Hontherdonk to march them up to him; in consequence of which Lewy Gray suffered the most annoying inspection, and was most mortified at hear-

ing himself unexcepted in the sweeping question, "Where, in God's name, did you fish up these ragamuffins?" addressed to Sergeant Hontherdonk, by the commanding officer. However, before the inspection was concluded, he could plainly see, in the countenances of the officers, that they all in their minds drew a line of distinction between him and his brethren of the bounty, and several put questions to him of a kind and feeling nature.

Gray was now, with the others, taken to the regimental hospital, where, having waited some time under the blaze of the idle patients' stare, the surgeon arrived, and examined all minutely. To do justice to the squad, independently of our hero, they appeared, in the judgment of the medical officer, well made young men, and only wanted regular living, regimental drilling, and good clothing to make them as good dragoons as their sneering fellow-soldiers; and, indeed, when they were equipped in their stable-dress, consisting of a smart blue round jacket, white duck overalls, and a neat blue worsted foraging-cap, which

had been dealt out to them by the quartermaster on the day after their arrival at the barracks, they appeared to be as much like the other privates of the regiment as one egg is like another, bating a certain elevation of carriage and expression of countenance only to be acquired by military discipline. Gray, however, was an exception; he, from his constant habit of mingling with the depôt officers at Canterbury, and his attention to the parades, drills, &c. in their barracks, looked as much at ease in his new costume, and as much like a practised soldier as the best dragoon in the corps; his air and elegance of person created a feeling of admiration and respect from all who saw him, and he was universally set down as a gentleman who, through misfortune, was obliged to become a soldier.

The squad of recruits was divided amongst the various troops; that to which our hero was attached was B. troop, commanded by Captain Develin, an officer of whom we shall have urgent occasion to speak hereafter. To this troop also belonged Sergeant Hontherdonk.

Gray having received his clothing, and been

appointed to his particular troop, the sergeant conducted him to the barrack-room where he was to be domiciled, and having attached him to his particular mess, and directed the corporal to draw his bedding from the barrack-sergeant, invited him to spend the evening in his room, which invitation was at once accepted. Both then proceeded along the corridor to its extremity, where was situated a small apartment, originally intended for the accommodation of the troop quartermaster. Into this apartment the sergeant led Lewy Gray, and introduced him to his "better half," Mrs. Hontherdonk, who was engaged in the ornamental operation of taking her hair out of papers, before a small mirror : for she had not, since she had become Mrs. Hontherdonk, shrouded her head in the cap of the matron. Beside her, on a table, stood a bottle containing strong waters, which she said she had procured to comfort the sergeant on his expected return to her quarters. Seeing that Gray was a stranger, and without a single chevron on his sleeve, she stared rather superciliously at him ; but on the sergeant having declared that the visitor was a gentleman, who was a little unfortunate, and

obliged to "take on" with him, the good lady became ostentatiously but reservedly polite. A telegraphic wink of the sergeant's "off eye," as the cavalry phrase has it, which Mrs. Hontherdonk well understood, perhaps had as much power in operating the change in her manners as the quality which the sergeant affixed to Gray. After having unburdened her tongue of a dozen or two complaints against John this, and Tom that, one for not having fetched her water, another for not having come up to her before stables, to know whether she should want him or not, and so on, she desired Gray to be seated. She then, with her pretty white fingers proceeded to place her tea-cups, tea-pot, tea-tray, &c. on her well-polished, little round table, at the same time asking him, with a condescending kindness, how he liked the "*rig'-mint*." Hontherdonk, during this time, was engaged in carefully hanging upon their proper pegs his shaco, sash, sword, and sabretache; in removing his boots *sans ceremonie*, and in opening the front of his jacket, in order to give liberty to his oppressed abdominal muscles, and restore them to the full exercise of their valuable functions.

These preparations made, the sergeant sat down opposite his visitor, and puffing with somewhat of consequence and corpulency, observed,

“ Well, Mr. Gray, this is my little quarter. You are the first private as ever I axed to sit down in it ; for, you see, we non-commissioned officers mustn’t keep company with the men : however, I look upon you as very different, and will treat you as such.”

“ On my account,” returned Gray, rising from his chair, “ I request you will not break your usual rule ; for the pleasure your society gives me is by no means such as to make me wish you to act improperly. Pray let me not put you to any strait—I’ll go to my barrack room.”

“ By no means,” cried the sergeant, seizing him by the arm ; “ my dear fellow, I said nothing about you ; I only meant to say that we are not to make a habit of keeping company with the men. You (or any one I wish to ask to my room) are welcome, and nobody has liberty to find fault with it—sit down—sit down.”

“ La ! bless you,” exclaimed Mrs. Hontherdonk, drawling out her voice, “ it’s not you the sergeant

means at all; he speaks of the riff-raff—a gentleman, whether private or sergeant, is always welcome here.”

This awkward irruption thus settled, Gray resumed his seat, not without some unpleasant feeling, which, however, dissipated as soon as he considered the nature of the circumstances in which he was placed: he put it down to the account of the step he had taken, and thought no more of it.

Mrs. Hontherdonk appeared to be about five-and-twenty years of age. By most people of the regiment, she was accounted a very handsome woman: she was, however, somewhat too tall, and perhaps not sufficiently *en bon point* to merit fully their good opinion. When the sergeant, now charged with her conjugal happiness, first saw the light of her countenance, she was a milliner and dress-maker, in the good town of Birmingham. Their acquaintance commenced one Sunday evening, in the barrack-yard, as she was, with other ladies of musical taste, listening to the band of the regiment, as it played before the officers' mess-room. Hontherdonk happening to be near her, she happened to ask him, “Did he happen to know where the royal

Irish dragoons were quartered?" The sergeant replied; the lady rejoined; and a conversation followed. Hontherdonk then politely offered to "see her safe home;" the lady, in return, civilly asked him to tea. One step followed another, until she led him into a connexion which led both to the altar, where they were indissolubly united, sixteen days after their first acquaintance, and eleven months before Lewy Gray was introduced to her. In her manners, she had a dash of the Thespian, and her air was a happy mixture of the gentle and the heroic. Take her altogether, she was a composition of that pseudo elegance which was well calculated to impress such as Sergeant Hontherdonk with a high opinion of her qualities. The sergeant often declared that he had fallen in love with her on account of her abilities: he frequently asserted that he had never met a woman who knew the world better in the whole course of his life; and instanced, as a proof of her powerful memory, that she could tell the number and facings of every regiment that had been quartered in Birmingham barracks for ten years previous to his meeting with her.

"You see, we are not badly off here, Mr. Gray,"

observed the sergeant; "this is a very comfortable room: it belongs to the old troop quarter-master; but he broke his leg, and was obliged to go into the hospital: so the captain, you see, to oblige my missus here, put us into it; for you see she doesn't like to live in the same room with another couple of sergeants." Then addressing himself to his wife: "Was the captain here to see the room since I put up the bed?"

"O dear, yes," replied the lady; "he was here yesterday, and admired the curtains extremely."

"A devilish kind, good officer: he always takes care of the married men of the troop."

"What is the captain's name, Sergeant?" inquired Lewy Gray.

"Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin," replied Mrs. Hontherdonk, ere her husband could get out a syllable: then continued she, "O, he is such a nice man!—I'm sure we couldn't bear the troop but for him; we should have no accommodation—we should be worse off than you will be, Mr. Gray. I can't endure being in the same little room, lying and rising with another couple—and

Sergeant O'Neil and his wife used to snore so ; and when they were not sleeping, they were so noisy—O, dear me ! I hope we shall remain in single rooms for the future. The captain, I'm sure, would do any thing for me. I rode in his gig with his servant, on the last march. Only for that, I should have been obliged to have coached it, or mounted the baggage waggons, and be started half across England."

" I am most happy," observed Gray, " to think that I have been so fortunate as to be attached to the troop of such a captain."

" Happy!—indeed you *are* happy in that. He is a little sharp on the men, to be sure ; he is not the best of tempers, you see ; but when you are a bit used to him, you think nothing of that."

" Well," exclaimed Mrs. Hontherdonk, " people talk of the captain's temper, but I'm sure I never saw any thing to find fault with in him : and I'm sure, Mr. H., *you* have no reason to think him bad-tempered : for ever since I came to the regiment, he has behaved remarkably civil to you ; and what is more, if the old troop quarter-master should

die, Captain Develin will have you appointed troop sergeant-major.”*

“ I didn’t say he had a bad temper,” returned the sergeant ; “ all I said, is this—he is now and then sharp with the men.”

“ Sarve ’em right,” cried Mrs. Hontherdonk ; “ what could he do with such a set, if he didn’t sometimes keep a sharp eye after them? Indeed, if they were all nice young men, like Mr. Gray here, he wouldn’t say a word to them, I’m sure ; but they are such fellows to deal with !—Lord ! it’s nothing to some rig’mints:—there was the Honourable Captain Woppin, of the Green-horse ; and Major Pole, of the Queen’s !—O, if you had heard *them* with their men !—how they blowed ’em up !”

This conversation, wholly uninteresting to Gray, went on for a considerable time, when the sergeant having again *telegraphed* his wife, she introduced

* Formerly, each troop had a quarter-master attached to it : but the post has been abolished, and that of troop sergeant-major substituted. Those actually holding the situation were, however, permitted to remain undisturbed for life.

her brandy bottle. Hontherdonk then requested the young soldier to join him in tasting its contents, ameliorated by hot water and sugar, which he at first declined; but from the earnest pressing of the sergeant, acquiesced, or rather seemed to do so, lest he should otherwise offend his entertainer. The lady also partook of the enlivening beverage, and added by its influence considerable impetus to the conversation which succeeded.

We must now let the reader know what was the true character of this Captain Theobald Ramsey Develin, so favourably spoken of by Mrs. Hontherdonk. He was a man in the prime of life—of full, yet compact figure, and rather above the middle height. His features were regular, his eyes grey, but darkly shaded by well-formed brows. The hair on his temples had changed its original dark colour to the hue of age; but this was the effect of his intemperate life, rather than the operation of nature. He encouraged a pair of whiskers of amplitude and darkness, while the crown of his head had begun to refuse its former growth of hair. His complexion was sallow, his teeth remarkably white, and the expression of

his countenance, a studied affectation of good humour, through which, any eye of penetration could detect the morose and selfish spirit. His good person, aided by an air of dash, to superficial observers gave the impression that he was a handsome, gentleman-like, and generous *militaire*; but the officers of his regiment, from associating with him, were of a different opinion—they appreciated him justly, and he was by no means a favourite. A more united, noble, high-spirited, and generous corps of officers was not in the service than that to which he belonged, with but the single blemish of himself. However, his evil qualities were cautiously suppressed by his ingenuity and prudence, and he passed off in a negative sort of good fellowship with his brother officers. Nobody knew, or cared to know, from what town or county he had come; all that in the regiment was known of his history was, that he had been in India as a subaltern; that he had been a considerable time afterwards on half-pay in London, and that he had exchanged from half-pay to full into the heavy dragoons. However it was subsequently to the events which this little history records had taken

place, that the officers learnt he had been obliged to quit India, for not having resented, as a man of courage, a gross insult he had received—that he had passed several years afterwards in London, existing wholly by gambling, pigeoning, and their sister arts—that, through a fortunate hit in one of his schemes, he had become possessed of three thousand pounds, with which he purchased into the dragoons—and that since that period he had contrived to persuade an amiable, but weak lady, to marry him—his present wife, possessed of five or six hundred a year, whose maiden bark was sailing down the gloomy side of forty. By this *coup de finance* he was enabled to mount his tilbury, which, with his first and second charger, he drove *à la tandem*. From the heavy, he exchanged into the light dragoons. This exchange was occasioned by an intimation from his colonel of the former, that it would be the most *prudent* thing he could do, since he had permitted himself to be kicked by the quarter-master of the regiment, without displaying a disposition to punish the audacity. (The reason he left, to believe his own story, was, forsooth, because “the heavies were so cursedly economical.”) Such was the account con-

cerning Captain Theboald Ramsey Develin, which the officers of his present regiment had but too lately learned.

He was now fourth captain in the regiment, possessed of a tolerably good fortune, cut a fashionable figure, and entertained his brother officers; therefore was of some weight and consideration. No fault called forth the severity of private comment on his character, except that he *too constantly*, as they said, and *too openly* sought the seduction of those wives of the soldiers, who were personally attractive. His devotion to this practice could not fail in producing censure in some degree; the married officers made no secret of remarking upon it, but they were not numerous in the regiment; the steady and prudent felt somewhat disgusted, but said little about it; while the young and thoughtless laughed, or passed it by: however, none approved of it. The fact unhappily is, that in the army, this vice is generally considered of little consequence, and, with many officers, is appreciated as a quality requisite in the formation of a fashionable man; the destruction of the dearest ties of the human heart, by some is applauded, and by few considered as more than mere peccadillos. However, it is not

our desires to censure the morality of the one, or the mental obtusity of the other, as regards their social duties in the world: we shall confine our remarks to the circle of a regiment, and on this we boldly declare that the seduction of a soldier's wife or daughter by the officer under whose command he bows, is the basest of human turpitude. By military law the soldier is bound to the most implicit obedience. There is not for him that plenitude of satisfaction for such moral injuries as the seduction of his wife or daughter by him who commands him; not from any indisposition on the part of the superiors of the army to satisfy, nor from a want of power in the military law itself, where tangible cases exist; but from those obstacles which can be easily appreciated. Difficulty, on the one hand, to establish a clear case, and, on the other, a just jealousy of weakening subordination impede the natural course of remedy, and the sufferer is often forced to bear what is enough to break his heart. But, thank God, the genuine feeling of uprightness—of virtue—of the noblest sentiments of the human mind, are to be found in their proper places; and the delinquent who thus tramples on the defenceless, meets a punish-

ment, which, if not so clearly satisfactory to him he injured, is not less effective. The honourable, the just, the refined and the magnanimous, are by far the most numerous amongst the officers of the British army; and the honest expression of their feelings, in cases such as we allude to, has been the best corrector and punisher of that vice which has sometimes disgraced the few. Let officers, when they may be inclined to be so vicious, take their ground in the arena of their free countrymen, where the power is equal on all sides; but let them shun the practice of it where those who are to feel the consequences of their dereliction, are their bondsmen.

Such a man as we would here anathematize, was Captain Theobald Ramsey Develin, one of the execrable few to be found to sully the broad brightness of military virtue.

Perhaps as long as we have been writing this account of the captain, Lewy Gray and his patrons were engaged in comments upon him also. As soon, however, as the sergeant found an opportunity of introducing a "little matter of business," he seized upon it thus:—

“How do you and I stand, Mr. Gray, as to accounts?”

“I am in your debt considerably, I dare say,” replied the youth, “and I am very glad you mentioned the subject.”

“I don’t want you to settle it now,” cried the sergeant, “because you have not yet got all the bounty—but as you may receive it to-morrow, I’ll just give you a memorandum of what I laid out for you, and of how much I have had on your account.”

He then put a paper into Gray’s hand, in which were set down such items as the facts of the account warranted, as well as the ingenuity of the sergeant could invent: not only was the entertainment of Gray at the rendezvous house, in Westminster, charged, but that with which the sergeant himself had indulged his appetite, both at that house and at the canteen of the Horse Guards: the bill concluded with an addendum of a charge of a shilling for the tea, &c. of which the youth had just partaken, by *invitation*, as he had supposed. This stretch of pecuniary desire, Gray remarked in his mind, not out of any alarm for

the expense, but because it changed with a magic quickness the opinion he had entertained of the sergeant's character: he now saw him in his true light—a selfish, contracted, and mercenary-minded man. It shewed Gray at once what sort of friendship might be expected from Sergeant Montherdonk. The *lady*, somewhat ashamed of the last made charge, observed, by way of relieving its meanness, that neither her husband nor herself intended that Gray should pay for the tea which he had had in their apartment; but merely because it was their custom, when a recruit came to the troop who seemed genteel, and “above the common,” to let him have a little accommodation while he was “turning himself round,” that he might not be obliged to go to bed at trumpet, as the sergeant made it all right; and that he might just see the charges which she was in the habit of making for tea, so that if he liked to step in of an evening and take a cup along with them, he was welcome; but she did not think he ought to pay for that evening, as he was invited.

All this was torture to poor Gray; yet he was obliged to listen to it: however, he soon put an

end to the matter, by taking out his purse, in which were his remaining few pounds, and with an air of good humour that silenced all qualms in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Hontherdonk put down on the table the full amount of the bill, which with very little hesitation was pocketed by the *lady*, and her civility flowed in double tides on the young recruit in consequence. The eyes of the sergeant sparkled when he saw the money. His delight sprang from two causes—the one in thinking that the amount of the bill was paid without dispute, and the other in the happy reflection that Gray possessed funds independently of the bounty money yet to receive, and thus could bear a little more “plucking.” He declared, with a most complacent countenance, that he was extremely glad to find that the youth was not depending on the bounty, and that he never recollected to have seen a recruit who had a farthing in his pocket but the king’s money. He then modestly added, that he had not included any thing but mere expences, and that it was customary to present the sergeant with half a guinea on joining. This further grasp

of Hontherdonk's avarice was at once gratified : Gray presented him with the money.

The youth now stood up to retire, and the sergeant offered to conduct him through the intricacies of the building to the door of his barrack-room. He was not inclined to sleep—but the time for retiring to bed, specified by military rule, had passed, and the society of the sergeant and his wife was no very desirable thing, therefore he withdrew. Hontherdonk having led him to his quarter, parted with him, repeating his offers of friendship, and reminding him that he should receive the bounty money on the following day.

“ Who's there?” grumbled a voice, as Gray entered the wide and dark barrack-room.

“ A friend,” he replied.

At the moment he accidentally overturned a long deal form, which fell with a loud noise.

“ What are you about—disturbing us in this way?” demanded the same voice that had questioned him:

“ O, it's the *gentleman* recruit coming to bed ; observed a second voice on Gray's right.

“ D—n his eyes !” exclaimed a third, at the upper end of the apartment.

“ And d—n you all !” muttered a fourth. “ I’m for command duty to-morrow at day-break ; and this is the sort of sleep I’m to have !”

“ Don’t mind lifting up the form, young man,” cried a fifth ; “ there’s your bed in the corner next the window.”

The rough remarks of the various voices by degrees settled into grumbling, then into a sort of unintelligible murmur, and then into a concert of base snores.

Gray, by the twilight of one of the lamps of the barrack-yard, had managed to get into his narrow berth, from whence he could discern through the window, as he lay, the few stars that glimmered in the heavens. Disagreeable as his bed-room was, still he felt that it was a relief ; for it afforded an opportunity of undisturbed contemplation, which he so much desired. Stretched on his pallet, he lay gazing at the dim light of the heavens. The visions of his early life then arose on his fancy. The sweet home that he had lost—his father—his Ellen—the thousand hopes and promises that had died,

now flitted, like spirits of the departed, before him in melancholy brightness, and he followed them with his mind's eye through their various windings, sighed as they vanished, and rejoiced at their return ; but it was sad rejoicing—it was the cold gladness which the heart feels that courts regret—that feeds on its own bitter sensibility : and when he turned to the reality of his situation, deprived of its factitious colouring, and viewed it in all its forms, the fortitude that had so borne him on through the busy day, yielded, and left him bathed in tears.

CHAPTER IV.

Love is a fire in the soldier's breast,
A strength in his arm, and a plume on his crest.

THE regiment remained nearly half a year at Hounslow after Gray had become a soldier ; and during this time, he lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge in his duty. In the sword exercise he was complete before joining, and in his drills he was no novice ; so that he became perfect in a much shorter time than any recruit who had entered the regiment within the memory of the oldest individual belonging to it :—he could defend himself against the best swordsman amongst them ; he could go through both foot and riding drill : in the

former, with but few mistakes, and in the latter, without stirrups, at the hardest trot, with the leaping-bar in the fourth hole before him, over which he could fearlessly ride. His dress was always put on with as much taste as the neatest soldier could display—his accoutrements were kept in the best order—he knew the different sounds of the trumpet, without the lessons of the corporal of his squad—he could pass as good an opinion upon the condition of a horse as the sergeant himself—he was never late at the parade, or the riding-house, nor absent from his barracks at watch-setting: so that, considering the very short time which elapsed before his comrades discovered that he was so well acquainted with his duty, it is not to be wondered at, that they thought it very strange. Some said that he must have been a cornet in some cavalry regiment, and that he had been “broke;” while others slyly hinted that, “he knew his drill too well for an officer,” and that he was neither more nor less than a deserter; for Gray never let any of them know that he had possessed opportunities of learning military duties at his native town; nor,

indeed, did he make known any part of his history.

His education soon became “a talk” in the regiment, owing to his having written a letter or two for some of the men, who could handle the sword better than the pen; and while it secured for him a further respect from his comrades, it occasioned him no little trouble; for scarcely an hour of the day could pass without bringing to him an application to write “a word” to either a father, or a mother, or a sister, or a brother, or a cousin, or a sweetheart. If a petition or a memorial were to be written, or an account made out, Gentleman Gray was the minister of such affair; and many of the sergeants, who were no great hands at penmanship or arithmetic, often besought him to visit their quarters, “just to look over a little matter.” The lance-corporals, too, and the unchevroned aspirants for promotion, many an evening after parade or drill, and many a night after watch-setting, importuned him to instruct and improve them in the art of writing small-hand—that art, without which, the path to the halberd is hermetically closed. For such services, he was rewarded with the good opinion of his

comrades, and the titular cognomen of, “*Gentleman*.” He had but few enemies, and these were such as would be enemies to all who were not as bad as themselves. The corps contained, happily, but few of such spirits; but, amongst five hundred men, it would be strange, indeed, and a phenomenon of which the Halcyon-headed philanthropists might truly boast, to find none who were not good. The fact is, the regiment was a remarkably fine one, and possessed less *mauvais sujets* than generally falls to the lot of a corps. Amongst the whole of the non-commissioned officers, there were none who shewed the meanness of Hontherdonk; and of the officers, none were to be found with the vices of Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin. Had they all been good and virtuous, Lewy Gray would have had nothing to complain of, and we nothing to tell about him. Happy, indeed, would it be for many in the army, that such a character as Develin were not to be met with; but, alas! it is by no means uncommon.

Gray preserved, through all the intercourse with his comrades, a certain undefinable deportment, which, while it created kind feelings, opposed fami-

liarity ; he made a confidential friend of none : the great object of his mind forbade it ; and the short time he had to pass undisturbed, was but too short for the sweet contemplation of her he loved, and the circumstances surrounding her. One companion, however, shared his kind regard, and often heard him sigh out his mistress's name—this was his horse—the animal allotted to him when he first joined the regiment, and to which he gave the name of *Canterbury* : with him he passed most of his leisure moments, and the animal became so attached to his master, that he would follow him about as a pet dog. This attachment said much in favour of Gray's disposition : we think the dragoon who forms such a reciprocal kindness between himself and the destined companion of his fight, cannot be a bad man ; and we are borne out in this opinion in every instance within our knowledge. The affection of the soldier for his horse, amongst the Germans, is particularly remarkable ; and even amongst the English, it is frequently to be seen. To the solitary of the crowd, like Lewy, such a familiar friend was by far the most desirable : he was sure, at least, that *Canterbury* would not interrupt

his meditations, or turn his ear from his complaints ; that he would bear him boldly in the day of battle, when tried, and perhaps be his only companion in the grave.

Short as was the period of his military essay at Hounslow, Gray felt that he had advanced considerably on the road of his hopes. He found that he was esteemed as a good soldier, and a strict observer of duty ; therefore began to feel happy—at least as happy as he who finds that he has made a good beginning of a troublesome journey. His correspondence with Ellen and her mother, was constant ; the latter had felt much for what she termed the rash step which Gray had taken ; but warmly promised to use all the interest in her power to serve him in the profession he had chosen ; and she kept her word. But her husband had been of the old school ; his friends were either dead or deaf to her entreaties in the youth's favour, and nothing but her blessing did he receive. But he cared not—he was now a soldier—the field was ready for his exertions—he was young, and, above all, beloved by Ellen ; therefore it was with feelings of mingled

joy and hope that he heard the news, while on guard one night, that the regiment had received orders to march for the coast forthwith, and embark for foreign service.

The fall of Pampluna and St. Sebastian, had at this time removed the last obstacle to the victorious career of the army of the Peninsula, which expelled the French from Spain. Its illustrious commander had determined on crossing the frontier of the enemy. Reinforcements were sent out to him, amongst which was the regiment of our young hero. It embarked at Portsmouth, and sailed for Passajes, where it safely arrived, and was embodied with the army about to enter France.

Gray embarked with his comrades, and sailed from the land where lived all he loved in existence, not without a bitter hour; but with a prayer for his Ellen's welfare, and a resolute exertion to persevere in his course. The pang passed away, and he found consolation in every plunge the sweeping vessel made over the waves, for it brought him nearer to the field where his destiny presided; and when the high mountains of Guipuscoa

arose on his view from the blue circle around him, his heart leaped with exultation—it was the first glance at the reality of his early fancy; the field of gallant deeds now first appeared to him; on these mountains he knew his countrymen were gallantly asserting the prowess of their arms, and he was soon further convinced of it by the distant peals of artillery which were wafted from the shore.

He landed; and as he put his foot on the earth, the dreams of his youth seemed about to be realized;—he was in the midst of the hardy warriors who had fought, through difficulties and dangers, over a thousand miles of land, with victory dancing before their steps; the ashes of San Sebastian, smoking on the altar of retribution, lay within his view; the raven that croaked on Fontarabia's height could be heard by him; the preparations for new battles were around him; the awful voice of war was every where to be heard, and in reflecting that he was now one of the glorious number selected for the achievements of national valour, he felt elevated, enthusiastic, and happy. No longer dwelling amongst the wealthy

denizens of his native country, who, unconscious of his real use or real rank, are but too apt to look down upon the soldier, Gray felt his natural pride emancipated from the oppression of unjust disdain ; he felt that he was now in the proper theatre of the soldier's actions, where he is appreciated by others and pleased with himself. His hopes burnt high—new life flowed through his veins ; and he longed for the day when he might prove his courage, his valour, and his prowess in the fight. This laudable zeal did not arise from mere hope of promotion ; there was in his mind such a vivid and long-lighted love of military achievement—of military glory, that in its full blaze it absorbed all the lesser lights of self-advancement.

Gray's actions in the subsequent campaign justified his enthusiasm. In the advance from the Pyrennees to the heart of France, he had many opportunities of measuring his sword with the foe ; ranked alongside the warriors of many battles—the victorious veterans of previous campaigns, he was not less intrepid than they. The wintry rains that fell upon him did not chill the nerve of his arm, nor the broken roads over which he rode weaken

the firm foot of his gallant horse. It was a new and heart-bounding sight for him, to see the chivalrous columns of his country moving down from the defiles of the gigantic mountains that divided the country which they were liberating from that of its invaders; to behold them pouring on boldly into the picturesquely diversified bosom of France—piercing her woods, bestriding her rivers, and covering her broad roads with the huge appurtenances of war; to see his country's arms asserting its right against the inclemencies of winter, the scantiness of provision, and the powerful arms of their foe: and it was glory to him to reflect that he was one in the proud work. Alike joyful to him was the trumpet's echo—the rattle of the drum—the exulting music, and the occasional bellow of the distant gun. It was sweet to him to build his bivouac hut and shelter his horse for the night—to scour the skirts of the enemies' hills, and bear away his forage for the day—to move as piquet from post to post, through darkness, rain, and storm—to fix his horse upon the little hill, and in the moon-light watch alone for

the sleeping troops behind him. O ! that, to him, was doubly sweet, for then the solitary vidette could turn his soul to the theme of his heart, with an intensity of feeling elevated to sublimity by the scene around him. His Ellen would there, in his mind's eye, pass before him—her sweet voice fall upon his memory, with its enchanting echoes—the orchard where he had last parted from her—the paths they had walked—the flowers they had gathered ;—all, like a fair dream, glided by him ; while the reality before him—the shaded road, the deep valley, the glistening river, his silent charger, on which he was seated, and the night bird that flitted by him, all in a sea of moon-light, added enchanting beauty to his vision.

And not less happy was he in the approaching combat : to meet the squadrons of the foe, as they covered their retreating army, was to him glorious. His arm was young, but his heart was firm. The banks of the Gave and the Adour were the scenes of his first exploits ; their waters reflected the lightning of his sword, and their leafless groves echoed the shouts of his approving comrades—the

roads which led from them were the avenues to the castle of his hopes, and the fight of Orthes was its possession.

It was in an affair consequent on that battle, that Gray acquired the applause so justly due to his heroism, and placed his foot upon the first step of merited promotion. In the retreat of the enemy from the field of Orthes, the ever active chief of the light division, Sir Rowland Hill, having forced the passage of the Gave, above Orthes, he moved with his usual rapidity down upon the left of the foe: suddenly pressing his columns, he urged them into a broken flight from the main road towards Sault de Navailles. The light dragoons now had their portion of Orthes' victory to perform; for while the grand attack was going on, owing to the nature of the ground, the infantry alone had been engaged: Sir Stapleton Cotton, the chief of the cavalry, was therefore, as at the desperate fight of the Pyrenees, obliged to remain looking on, but ready, as the crested falcon, to seize his opportunity of pursuit. He directed the light dragoons to follow the retreating enemy, who, over-reached by Sir Rowland Hill, had flown from the main road. The pro-

tecting squadrons of the fugitives in vain attempted to bear up against the British cavalry—they were swept at the blade of the sword; and although resisting with a courage that became the heroism of France, were obliged to fly after their comrades, or yield themselves prisoners. After a brilliant display of attack, Gray's regiment had the honour of capturing nearly seven hundred prisoners; and it was in this affair, that he attracted particular notice, by his courage, decision, and energy. In the bold onset, over tolerably even ground, and when the front of the covering French broken by it, were flying in confusion or laying down their arms, Gray perceived one of his comrade's horses up to the girths in a marsh, and its rider unhorsed. He was close to him, and at once dismounted to relieve the fallen soldier. However, in so doing, he neglected to secure his own bridle: the consequence of which was that his horse, feeling no doubt the excitement of the moment, which had spread itself around, advanced at a gallop, and left his master behind. Gray having relieved his comrade, looked to his horse, and could see a French officer, who had been dismounted, seize *Canterbury's* bridle as he

passed, and at once spring on his back. The French officer was in the midst of a scattered crowd of both French and British mingled, and he seemed to be a man of some rank ; for a dragoon attended him, assisted his mounting, and rode off after him, brandishing his sword against a few of the English soldiers who pursued him a short distance. The officer and his dragoon galloped away before the eyes of Gray, while he, at the thought of losing his worthy horse, became almost furious. He darted forward in pursuit ; but on foot, what could he do ? Luckily he perceived a horse without a rider trotting towards him along with an advancing troop of his own regiment : he seized the bridle of the animal, mounted, and set off at full speed after the officer, who was now to be seen by all conspicuously, mounting a gently rising hill, accompanied by his dragoon. The eyes of a whole troop of Gray's comrades were fixed on him ; for they had been ordered to halt, and take care of a crowd of prisoners, while the other troops of the regiment were cutting through masses of the enemy, and turning them back as prisoners. Many even employed in the busy fight, paused to observe the chase so well

begun by Gray. All who beheld him closing on the French officer, shouted with exultation. Whether it was that *Canterbury* knew that a stranger was on his back, or that the rider was unskilful in the management of him, cannot be said; but from whatever cause it arose, the horse became restive, kicked, reared up, and plunged, as Gray was gaining ground. This circumstance, it was, that encouraged him to the pursuit; for had *Canterbury* galloped freely onward, few horses, indeed, then in the field, could have overtaken him.

As Gray closed on the French officer, he was met by the dragoon with a straight thrust of his sword, which he parried in admirable style, and, as he passed on, received the fire of the officer's pistol, but without injury. Gray reined up, wheeled, and was again met by the dragoon, at the point of the sword, which was again admirably parried, and expertly followed by a sweeping back cut of the sabre. This wounded the sword arm of the Frenchman, and his weapon fell to the ground. Gray now rode fiercely at the officer, who received him steadily, and defended himself

with great ability against his active assailant. They fought several minutes, when at a heavy blow given by Gray, the officer's sword, which received it, broke off at the hilt : at which the gallant young soldier, as humane as he was courageous, ceased to attack. He commanded the officer, in French, to dismount and deliver him up his horse. The command was obeyed, at which Gray also dismounted, and found himself once more in possession of his gallant steed. He mounted ; and directing the wounded dragoon to ride on before him, and the officer to walk and lead the horse, he rode back in triumph with his prisoners, and was welcomed by his troop with reiterated shouts.

All this was the work of a few minutes, and was altogether an exhibition that highly delighted the troops. Had there been time to reflect, or had Gray met with any reverse, so as to disturb the continuity of the admiration in the minds of his fellow-soldiers, they would have instantly proceeded to his assistance ; but all was so happily achieved by Gray, that it would have been little short of injustice to his courage and ability to have interfered.

The gallantry of this affair established Lewy

Gray's character for courage in the regiment : the officers all spoke highly of him in consequence of it, and he was marked for promotion by the colonel : who, had he not fixed it as a rule that no soldier should be made a non-commissioned officer who had not been at least a year in the ranks, would have made him a sergeant on the spot.

It is singular that, even in the heat of action, when terrible death is flying in all directions, the attention of the combatants is easily fixed on any object which is calculated to excite admiration or curiosity. Several instances of this occurred during the Peninsular war. An affair somewhat similar to that of Lewy Gray's combat for his horse, occurred in Portugal :—a black trumpeter, of the 16th light dragoons, astonished his regiment by a chase which he individually made after two French horsemen. He had disappeared from the sight of his comrades, and as he was alone, and likely to fall in with numbers of the French, they gave him up in their minds as lost ; however, after a short time, he re-appeared, deliberately riding towards his corps, leading captive the two dragoons, who were tied together, and on foot. The sportive

evolutions of a horse that has lost its rider, and the critical situation of a faithful dog—the one at Salamanca and the other at Vittoria—have had the effect of stopping the firing of a considerable portion of the troops for several minutes ; and at Talavera, while the artillery of the enemy was playing terribly on the left of the British, a hare, that had been disturbed in the valley by the falling of a shell near her cover, was seen by the division which occupied the long-contested height on the left, and a regular *vive-halloo*, much to the annoyance of the general officers, was set up by the men ; who, regardless of the shot and shell then showering on them, kept their fancy flying with the little animal, until a rifleman of the 60th, who, to prove his skill and steadiness in the midst of danger, coolly aimed his piece at puss as she passed him, and shot her. Nothing can more clearly shew the total absence of fear.

The victorious career of Lord Wellington having so shortly after the battle of Orthes, put an end to the long struggle against the French in the Peninsula, young Gray had not a further opportunity of distinguishing himself. The troop

were ordered to England, and he, with his regiment, and the rest of the cavalry, had the pleasure of turning their course to home. They marched across the kingdom of France—from the foot of the Pyrenees to the border of the British channel, embarked at Calais, and arrived safely at Dover, where Lewy Gray found himself within twenty miles of his dear Ellen.

CHAPTER V.

Star of my wandering, home, thou art
Shining all bright through cloud and storm ;
Thy magic rays ever fall on my heart,
And, cold as the world is, keep it warm.
Yes, memory tells me, o'er and o'er,
Of each yellow field, and each shady tree,
Which blooms around the little bower—
That home where beateth a heart for me.

THE first desire of Gray on landing was to go to Canterbury, where he hoped to find the girl so dear to him, to repeat his vows of unalterable affection, and hear in return the sweet assurances of faith from her lips. As some of the regiments then landed from France would certainly be sent to Canterbury, he was in great hopes that the corps to which he belonged might be one ; for he now felt so satisfied with his situation as a private dragoon—so respected was he in the regiment,

and on so fair a road to promotion—that all disagreeable repugnances at being known by his acquaintance, to be what the world invidiously calls a “*common soldier*,” had left him. He felt that in that capacity, humble as it might appear, there was nothing to be despised, but much to be honoured; that it was not the situation of a slave, as some of the free-born Englishmen would say, but as full of freedom as theirs—the most valuable of all freedom, namely, that which arises from a just submission to proper laws, and an upright fulfilment of duty.

The regiment, however, was ordered to Ipswich, and his hopes therefore lessened to the gratification of only being with his Ellen for the space of one day—the day on which the corps would rest at Canterbury on the first march of the route: still that alone was cheering; and the young soldier, up and caparisoned with the “early village cock,” was ready to mount before “*boots and saddles*” had sounded for the march.

As the sun appeared above the horizon on a clear delightful summer’s morning, the regiment turned out, and, with its band of martial music at its

head, marched from the foot of the high white cliffs of Dover into the luxurious bosom of its native country, amidst the cheering of the crowd that assembled thus early on the road to thank the heroes who had fought for them, with that loud impulse of the heart which finds the words of the tongue too slow for its expression. Along the road the dragoons were greeted by the voices of the people, and, as they entered Canterbury, Gray felt proud that he was one—although but an humble private—of a body whose presence were received with the spontaneous honours of the people.

The sound of the passing trumpets struck upon the ear of Ellen—her beloved was at the moment beneath her window—he saw her open the sash—his heart leaped at the sight—he was not expected by her—she was unacquainted with the uniform of his regiment, and amongst so many soldiers she could not, of course, discover him, whom she at the moment believed to be far away. Gray smiled on her as he rode by, while the colour flitted to and fro upon his cheek, and blessings on the girl of his heart murmured over his lip. He saw her retire, her countenance marked with deep

melancholy, and he fancied that he could hear the sigh which the heaving of her bosom told him was breathed for him.

The regiment was soon in barracks—the horses put up and foraged, and the men at liberty to rest or amuse themselves, as they thought fit. Gray was not long in going to his Ellen, when his duty was done. He appeared before her more mature in strength, improved by the ruddy brown hue which the campaign had bestowed upon his countenance, dressed in a costume the most soldier-like that could be imagined, and, from the taste of Gray in applying it, scarcely to be distinguished from an officer's—the youth she adored—who claimed upon her heart by all the powers that could command its affections. And he—O! the spirit which the poet Shakespeare drew from the angels to make his Romeo's passion, would be but cold in picturing Lewy's, when he pressed to his bosom his gem of life—the only thing in existence which his hopes clung to—the girl of his bosom, as affectionate, as faithful, and as lovely, as when he had parted from her.

To the inquiries which Gray made regarding

Ellen's mother, he was answered by a melancholy recital that damped the bright and glowing happiness of the meeting. It was briefly this:—the benevolent lady, in the hope of obtaining a commission for the son of her respected friend, and lover of her daughter, had taken a journey to London, where a general officer to whom she was known was then attending his parliamentary duties: she, however, had succeeded only in obtaining a promise, but from that promise she had hopes. On her return to Canterbury, the stage coach in which she travelled broke down: she was therefore necessitated to go on foot through the rain, a distance of two miles, before she could obtain further conveyance. The consequence of this accident was, that she caught cold, which terminated in fever and death. With her expired the pension she had held as the widow of an officer, and Ellen by her death was not only deprived of a kind parent, but of the means of subsistence, for she possessed no relations to whom she could look for protection; and as soon as her mother died, the house in which she had lived, together with the moveables within, was taken

possession^o of by a limb of the law, an attorney, who, during the life-time of Ellen's mother, professed to be a family friend, but who now, by virtue of certain bonds, deeds, judgments, and executions, "did levy," &c., and established himself in full possession of whatever property the deceased lady left. He, however, "invited" Ellen, as "a friend of her parent," to remain along with his family until "something could be done for her."

The death of the mother occurred shortly after Lewy Gray's arrival in Spain; but owing to the moving of the army, the letters which Ellen had subsequently written to him miscarried: thus all her sufferings remained unknown to him until his arrival at Canterbury. He, however, could have done nothing to alleviate them. And what could he do now to relieve her? little indeed. In the humble situation of life in which he moved—without influence, and without property, what could he do? Yet something must be done, unless he could bear to see her become wholly thrown upon the world, without a hand to assist her; for the attorney with whose family she had resided since her

mother's death, had, but the day before Gray's arrival, informed her that she must think of seeking some means of support : to be sure he professed great regret at " being obliged" to act so " unpleasant" a part as to withdraw his further assistance to the child of his departed friend ; but the expensiveness of his family, his slow returns of professional remuneration, &c. &c., " most reluctantly" compelled him to do so.

Gray's first attention was directed to examine the nature of the seizure made by the attorney ; but the more he considered the matter, the more difficult appeared the possibility of redress. The next thing he thought of was the means of relieving Ellen from the unpleasant state of dependence in which she was placed : but how was this to be accomplished ? His regiment was to march next day. Yet, could he leave her in such a state ? impossible. He, therefore, for the present, determined to apply for leave of absence to his commanding officer. But to obtain leave he must shew some more efficient cause than the mere wish to remain in Canterbury : he could not state that he sought it on account of visiting his relations,

for he had none: he could not with any good effect state the real cause—it would not be believed—it could not be supposed that he should have it in his power to render service to the young lady. These considerations urged him to pause. He passed several hours with his Ellen, walking over the well known paths of their former rambles, and conversing on their circumstances with the sincerity and affection of brother and sister. The result of their conference was, that which their reason as well as their affection pointed out, namely—to get married. Poorly was a private dragoon able to provide for a wife; but with such as Gray, a heart like that of Ellen's must be happy. In his humble station she felt that she should possess all on earth that was now worth her seeking; and, for his part, her submission to brave the difficulties of a soldier's life for the love she bore him, removed from his mind all scruples as to the marriage. He was highly respected in his regiment—he was in strong hope of promotion; and although the situation of a private dragoon's wife was humble, still he thought that the halo which true affection throws around marriage in the humblest state of

life, would banish all the gloom that now appeared to hang over it, and compensate for other advantages which, with such fair promise, both had hoped for in their union.

Having come to this resolve, no time was to be lost. Gray therefore determined to apply to his captain, and endeavour to gain that officer's recommendation to the colonel for permission to remain at Canterbury for a fortnight or three weeks. He hoped that by fully explaining the objects of his request, the favour would not be refused; he had never yet asked a favour, and he therefore did not doubt of receiving this. Happy in the step which both had now made up their minds to take, they parted, she to return to what could not be called her home, and he to seek the captain of his troop.

He found the officer whom he sought standing at the door of the inn at which he had set up, amusing himself with staring at all the Kentish maids, wives, and matrons, who happened to come within the focus of a golden eye-glass which he knowingly applied to his right eye. Gray approached, and respectfully begged to speak to him; but it

was not until the application for a hearing was three times made that Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin thought proper to disengage himself from his agreeable inspection, and lend an ear to Gray.

“What d’ye say,” inquired the captain, as he placed his eye-glass between the lapels of his coatee, and adjusted the position of his sabre tache.

“I have to entreat your favour, Sir,” replied Gray, “in recommending me to the colonel for a short furlough: matters of the utmost importance require that I should remain at Canterbury a few days.”

“What! apply for furlough now? It can’t be done: you can’t have leave now.”

“But, Sir; I can assure you the necessity of my remaining is most imperative;” rejoined the soldier.

“Imperative! that is nothing to the service: we are on the march now: besides, I don’t know how you stand in the troop—I think you are in debt;” said the captain.

“No, Sir; the troop is in debted to me.”

“I don’t care: it is very wrong to apply for

furlough now; it would not be granted. What can your object be?"

"A most dear friend," replied Gray, "stands in the utmost need of my assistance, and that assistance cannot be given unless I receive permission to remain here a few days."

"Dear friend, indeed! don't tell me about friends: you cannot remain, Sir."

"Captain Develin," said the youth, "I have never asked a favour of you or of any other officer in the regiment: I have done my duty to the utmost of my power: I trust then, that when I ask but a few days' leave on a matter so pressing—so dear to the heart, as the saving of a friend from, I might almost say, ruin—I trust, Sir, that the request will not be refused."

"Fine talk, Sir; fine talk;" returned the captain: "this is the effect of having a gentleman in the ranks—I wish we had no gentlemen there: these cursed high notions would spoil a whole regiment. One word for all—if I can prevent it, you shall not have furlough at this time."

Poor Gray's feelings almost overpowered him: his all—his whole world depended on the ques-

tion. Indignation swelled him, but he preserved that propriety and submission in his appearance which he knew it was his duty to do. He paused—reddened—turned aside, as if to hide from the captain the evident marks of natural struggle which was passing within. He then exclaimed—

“It will break the heart of an innocent, amiable, and lovely young girl, as well as my own.”

“What’s that you say?” inquired the captain; “a lovely young girl? O, ho! is that the affair? you wish to be married, then?”

“I do Sir: it is the only thing to save one that I have loved from my infancy—the daughter of my father’s dearest friend,” replied the youth.

“What—is she pretty then?”

“She is all that is to be accounted lovely in woman.”

“Well, Gray, that alters the case; you wish to have leave to remain a few days, and you want permission to marry?”

“I do, Sir.”

“How old is she?”

“Not yet seventeen.”

“Poor thing!—is she tall of her age?”

“ No, Sir,” replied Gray.

“ But she is handsome ?” said the Captain.

“ Very well, very well. I see the matter in a different light now ; I’ll apply to the colonel. You are a good soldier, I must say—I like you, and will do what I can for you. Tell me the particulars of the case.”

Gray then, in the most clear and touching manner explained the nature of his application ; entered into a short history of his own and his Ellen’s family misfortunes, and concluded by pressing the absolute necessity of his remaining at Canterbury.

The captain then left Gray, and proceeded to the colonel to request the furlough and the permission to marry.

Before an hour had elapsed the favour was granted to the young dragoon, and he flew with the glad intelligence to her whom it concerned so deeply.

CHAPTER VI.

Come, dearest, come from the world though it smileth,
 Beaming its light on the crowd of the gay,
Soon dies the flash that in life but beguileth,
 So marks the marsh-light the traveller's way.
Come, dearest, come where no light shall deceive thee,
 Love's lamp, the truest, before thee shall play,
Dark if the path be we tread, O, believe me,
 Brighter and brighter 'twill blaze upon thee.

It is not necessary to our story to dwell upon the happy ceremony, (for, happy it was, depressed as it might be by circumstances); it is needless to describe the repressed pleasure which the attorney felt at the union; nor the simpers and airs which the female part of his family displayed at being obliged to entertain a private soldier, even though he might be a gentleman by birth; nor how they were chided by their *considerate* head: neither shall we notice the small talk which the

wedding created in the good town of Canterbury. It is enough for us to say that Lewy Gray and his lovely Ellen were united according to the matrimonial ceremonies of their church ; that they looked for happiness from nobody but themselves ; that they remained in respectable lodgings, provided for their honey-moon by Gray ; and that when the furlough, which enabled him to become thus happy, had expired, he proceeded with his bride by coach to Norwich, the out-quarter of his regiment, where his particular troop lay.

To bring into a barrack-room, thirty feet by twenty, containing half-a-dozen soldiers and their families, there to reside, a refined young lady as Ellen was ; to have seen her thrown, as it were, from the comforts of life at once into its difficulties and humiliaties ; to have seen an innocent, lovely, tender, and elegant young female, mixed with the coarseness which inevitably must be found amongst the heterogeneous composition of a troop of soldiers, was not for a moment entertained in the mind of Gray. He knew that by permission of his commanding-officer he could obtain private lodgings ; and his purse, considering his rank,

fully enabled him to avail himself of that privilege, so considerably granted by the commander-in-chief; for Gray, during his campaign in Spain and France, required no more than his *rations* for his support: for those the stoppages from his pay amounted scarcely to one third of it, and he found the remainder placed to his credit on arrival in England. Ellen's trinkets, too, added considerably to their funds, and the remnant of the little money left to both from the wreck of their respective families, increased their means sufficiently to warrant Gray in preferring private lodgings to a barrack-room.

Having left his wife at the inn whereat the coach had set them down, he proceeded at once to report himself at the barracks; and having done so to the sergeant-major, went to seek his captain. He found him in his quarters, into which the young soldier was admitted with less ceremony, and there greeted with more apparent kindness, than he had expected.

"Well, Gray, have you got married?" inquired the officer, "and have you brought your wife to the troop?"

“ Yes, Sir ; we have just arrived.”

“ Well, you must tell Sergeant Hontherdonk to put you up in a comfortable room, where there are no single men.”

“ I would prefer to live out of barracks, should I obtain leave,” said Gray.

“ Out of barracks, Gray !” exclaimed the captain : “ no, no ; it won’t do—too expensive : are you able to afford it ?”

“ Yes, Sir ; and, if I were less able than I am, I should still endeavour to live out of barracks ; considering that my wife is but lately married, and accustomed to more comforts than I could expect to find for her in a barrack room, as the wife of a private soldier.”

“ O, stuff ; look at Hontherdonk ; his wife is a very nice woman ; he had no scruples of this kind.”

“ I had rather avail myself of the privilege of living out of barracks, Sir.”

“ Where is your wife now ?”

“ She is at the Swan Inn.”

“ Very well, Gray ; I’ll step down myself, and

“speak to her on the subject. I’ll do what I can for you.”

The young soldier then withdrew, and returned to the inn.

This apparent kindness and attention on the part of the worthy Theobald Ramsay Develin, seems, no doubt, to the reader, quite in place, and only what a captain, who felt proper solicitude for the comfort of his men, ought to evince; and so it appeared to Gray himself; but it was from very different motives that Theobald acted this very considerate part.

The affectionate and solicitous husband had scarcely informed his wife of the result of his application to the captain, when that officer walked into the apartment of the inn where they were sitting. Both arose as Develin entered.

“Well, Gray, you see I was not long in coming, as I promised. Sit down, Mrs. Gray—pray sit down. But, Gray—a—I want you to step up to the barracks, and to tell Sergeant Hontherdonk not to use a grain of the corn that has been sent in by the contractor. I mean to have a board on

it ; it is not fit to be used. I forgot to send to him in my hurry to come down here—and—a—that will do: just say that I wish it not to be used.”

The young soldier having instantly proceeded as he was directed, Develin advanced slowly and eonsequentially towards the agitated young creature before him, and throwing off his shaco in his *very* gallant manner, took her hand, and led her to a chair, requesting her to be seated. She complied, and he relieved, in some degree, her embarrassment by leaving her a moment: he went to the window; looked out, as if contemplating the state of the weather; then drew down the blind, took a chair in his hand, and having trailed it across the room, towards where the young lady sat, placed himself on it, beside her.

“ I have come here, Mrs. Gray,” said he, “ to give you what assistance I can in settling yourself in the regiment. You are very young, and unacquainted with a military life—you require advice how to act. I see you are very different from soldiers’ wives in general, and, no doubt, have been

well brought up. You are a very charming young woman—you are indeed. I am a blunt man—you are, I say, a very charming young woman, indeed. How old are you, pray ?”

“ Eighteen,” replied Ellen, confused and embarrassed at the unpleasant novelty of her situation.

“ You have married very young ; but handsome girls, like you, are never long single.”

Both now remained silent for a short time, during which the captain continued to gaze with admiration on the downcast and blushing countenance of her he had so rudely complimented, and waiting as it were to see the effect of his first fire. In this he discovered nothing very flattering to his intentions.

“ Gray tells me,” resumed he, “ that he means to live out of barracks—is it your wish also, my dear ?”

“ My wishes, Sir, are only to be guided by his,” replied Ellen.

“ Don’t think of living in the town—you’ll find it very unpleasant—the lodgings which your husband can afford to provide for you, are not suitable

at all to a female of your superior qualities; for, 'pon my honour, I do think that you are a very superior young woman—very charming, lovely young creature.”

Ellen blushed to the eyes, and trembled with agitation.

“ You surely are not afraid that we shall run away with you if you come amongst us—although perhaps your beauty may make many of the ladies envy Master Gray. Come, dear, don't let us lose you—don't live out of barracks: I'll see that you shall be well accommodated.”

Ellen was wholly unable to make a reply—her confusion increased.

“ Come, love—while I am captain of the troop, you have only to ask and have. Are you fatigued?—it has been a hot day; but the blinds are down, and this room is not so very warm—will you take a little negus?”

“ No, I thank you, Sir,” replied the faultering tongue of the agitated young lady. The considerate Theobald then drew his chair closer to her, and in a *kind* manner took her hand.—The touch like the electric stream, shook her frame throughout.

“Why do you tremble?” demanded the captain, in a gentle tone.

But the clattering of accoutrements near the door hinted to him that he ought not to wait for a reply. He hastily arose, pushed his chair away, put on his shako, and began to walk about the room with a leisure step, at the same time whistling and inspecting his boots. The door now opened, and Gray appeared.

“Well, have you seen the sergeant?” demanded the captain, with authoritative emphasis.

Gray replied that he had met him in the market-place, and explained the result of his mission.

“Very well—very well. Oh, but, with regard to your being out of barracks.—I have been speaking to your wife on the subject, but she leaves it all to you. I’ll tell you what you’ll do, Gray—come up to my rooms to-morrow morning, after you have talked over the matter with her, and let me know your definitive intention. Did you meet any of the officers in the town, as you passed?”

“Yes, Sir, several.”

“O, very well—think of the matter, and come to-morrow, as I tell you. I assure you, Mrs. Gray,

you will find yourself more at home in barracks than in lodgings; and I'll do every thing in my power to make you comfortable."

He was half-way out of the apartment as he uttered the last words, and the clattering of his sabre on the stones without in a few moments announced his retreat from the inn.

It is needless to say that his departure was no small relief to Ellen, whose feelings, under the infliction she had borne from the captain's company, were almost exhausted. Had she not been the wife of one of his soldiers, she would have acted according to that excellent maxim, "*a woman should admit of no discourse relating to her beauty,*" and have either properly rebuked his freedom, or left the apartment, on its approach; but her good sense—her regard for her husband—the fear of offending one who had it so much in his power, by virtue of his military command, to resent the offence to his pride on him, restrained her conduct; and she bore patiently, but painfully, what was so irritating to her feelings. She also felt that she should be acting rightly in not mentioning the matter to Gray.

On the following day, according to request, the young soldier waited on the captain; and on entering the apartment, was thus addressed by him:—

“ Well, Gray ; I have been thinking of this business, and have hit upon means by which you may not only render your wife very comfortable, but be of advantage to yourself.”

Gray respectfully thanked him.

“ You are a smart young man ; I should like to assist you. I have discharged that fellow Thompson ; and if you like, I will take you in his place. You are, to be sure, a front rank man, and it may be difficult to get you as a servant ; but I’ll manage that. You see, ‘by this, your wife will occupy one of the servants’ rooms in the officers’ barrack, and may set herself up very well. You will have no regimental duty to do ; and half-a-crown a-week will add something to your pay.”

The proposal staggered Gray : private soldier as he was, still the idea of being a servant, was a blow his innate pride recoiled from—the whole gentleman was roused within him—he had fought in the field—he had stood on the parade in heart cheering,

though humble independence—he had entered the army to be a soldier—to work his way to rank and honour—to wear the livery of his country, not that of his captain or his colonel; and neither the one nor the other could make him change that which he had chosen, if their's were covered with gold. In the truth of his heart he instantly replied,

“ Sir, I thank you for your kind intentions towards me, but I cannot accept your offer.”

“ What! do you prefer your duty in the ranks, to a comfortable life—scarcely any thing to do? I have a bat-man for my horses: I only want you to wait on me. Surely you have not considered the advantages.”

“ Whatever they may be,” returned Gray, “ I feel that the situation of a soldier is to me such as cannot for a moment be mixed up with that which you propose. I beg you will excuse me, Sir, when I say, that no emolument could tempt me to accept a personal servitude to any officer: I have enlisted to serve as a soldier, and as a soldier only can I serve.”

“ Well, well, Gray—perhaps you are right. You expect promotion, and no doubt you will have

it. I thought I could serve you, and make Mrs. Gray more comfortable than she can be under present circumstances; but you are the best judge of your own affairs."

"I am much obliged by your kind intentions, and assure you, that I feel as grateful to you, Sir, as if I had availed myself of your offer."

"Very well, Gray—very well—that will do: I can appreciate your motives. Step up to the men's barracks, and send Pointer to me: I think he will answer my purpose." The young soldier then withdrew, and obeyed the captain's directions, leaving the latter mortified at the unexpected check to his operations.

The fact is, Develin had no other motive in wishing Gray to be his servant, than that his innocent and beautiful wife should thereby be more within the reach of his nefarious designs on her, than if she were residing out of barracks. He had absolutely fallen in love with her the day before—at least he had fallen into that shadow of the divine passion which was congenial to such earthly hearts as that of the captain.

Gray obtained leave to reside out of barracks.

In a small neat cottage, under the brow of Mussal Hill, he and his Ellen felt themselves as happy as they could wish : nothing of the hardships of a soldier's life as yet appeared to her, and she daily became less prejudiced against it. She mixed with none of the regiment in society : when her husband was employed in his duties, she was preparing his comforts at home ; and during their leisure hours they usually walked out together over the wild heath on the hills, or along the windings of the river Yare, in sweet communion of sentiment that never tired.

An old woman was the only inmate of the cottage, besides Lewy Gray and his Ellen. Two neatly furnished rooms were by her let to the young couple, the one fronting the road, and the other overlooking a cultivated valley. Through the windows the wild rose and honeysuckle breathed their perfumes over the inmates, and gave the apartments an appearance grateful and congenial to their taste. Could the happiness which they experienced in this humble habitation but have lasted, they need not have desired more ; but the nature of a soldier's life renders such happy

retirement ~~But~~ temporary : the route dissolved the charm.

Gray and his Ellen thus found matters far better than they had expected when they were leaving Canterbury to join the regiment. Time passed on happily—they wanted for nothing to render their situation enviable. The only interruption they experienced in their joys was by the frequent intrusions of Mrs. Hontherdonk and her sergeant lord ; but this was only an annoyance, and not a trouble. That kind couple were constant visitors at Gray's quarters. Their squeamishness about keeping company with mere privates in the regiment, had, in the case of Gray, quite vanished—if ever they had existed regarding him. The sergeant knew that Gray lived respectably and independently—that he was on the threshold of promotion—that he was looked upon by the officers as a superior character—and above all, his wife particularly wished an acquaintance with Mrs. Gray. Not that she entertained any regard for Ellen—for her own sex were her rooted aversion—but because she should gain *éclat* by visiting exclusively with a woman accounted in the regiment as estimable as was Mrs. Gray. Besides, it was

a very pleasant lounge for both her and the sergeant to go down of an evening to Gray's quarter, and partake of the good cheer it afforded, and which had vast weight with the sergeant, particularly those articles of refreshment that were essentially vinous or alcoholic. The non-commissioned couple had certainly invited Gray and his wife to pass the evening with them at the barracks; but on receiving an excuse, never pressed their politeness further, which so far relieved Ellen from what she dreaded. The captain too occasionally stepped in, "just to see how they got on," and on these occasions never failed to compliment Ellen, in his *peculiar* way of expression, until checked by the pure and commanding modesty of her replies. She now knew his character, and therefore scrupulously avoided him: still she was frequently intruded upon by him, under various pretences, of which he, as captain of the troop to which she belonged, could easily avail himself. But all these little annoyances passed with the hour, and the lovers (for they *were* lovers, although married) found ample time to make up for them in their own sweet society.

A few months had passed over in this manner,

when a circumstance occurred, the effect of which was to embitter considerably the happiness of Ellen. Gray had been sent on command-duty—he was ordered to convoy some deserters from Norwich to the head-quarters of their regiment, and was to be absent ten or twelve days. On the day after he was gone, Mrs. Hontherdonk, be-decked out in her best, like a ship in her festive colours, bore down (to use a naval phrase for a military lady, for nothing in the army would suit) and pushed open Ellen's door, with a broad smile and a "how d'you do" that admitted of no denial. Ellen was not in a disposition for "*company*"—it was the first time her husband's duty had called him away from her, even for a day, and she laboured under the sorrow of a long separation. However, nobody ever foiled Mrs. Hontherdonk on a point to which she had pushed her abilities; she was determined to enjoy the evening, and by her exertions succeeded in dissipating for the time the melancholy of Ellen, by substituting a confusion negatively agreeable.

When Mrs. Hontherdonk had taken tea, used her white cambric pocket handkerchief to abate the

superabundance of caloric excited on her face by her exertions at the tea-table, she proposed a walk to the village of Thorpe, which was situated at the distance of two miles from them. Ellen declined going, but no excuse would be taken by the sergeant's "lady." At length Ellen consented to go, knowing that if she had not she should be in a worse situation, inasmuch as that her visitor would have remained at home with her all the evening—a persecution she had at least some chance of alleviating by the proposed walk. They consequently set out, Mrs. Hontherdonk like a full-sized, full-blown, and hot scented tulip. Ellen, like a primrose, or a violet, or a snow-drop—all simplicity and beauty.

The sun had set in his best colours, and in his most gentle mood—scarcely a breeze followed his departure; he left a calm, glowing, vegetating world behind him. Ellen, in watching the fading tints of his track, and their shadows on the smooth bosom of the Yare, had forgotten her companion, and heeded not her busy tongue. The evening was now growing dark; they were two miles from home; they must think of returning. Mrs. H. pro-

posed to cross the field path, which led to the heath over Mussal Hill. It was the shortest way, and Ellen agreed to the proposal.

The field path was retired, but pleasant, occasionally winding under foliage and through thick brushwood. As they were advancing on the side of a gently declining hill, which was shaded with trees, and spread here and there with bush and briar, Mrs. H. turned the conversation on the subject of Gray's hopes of promotion.

"La! Mrs. Gray," exclaimed she, "I think your husband ought to be a sergeant; don't you think so?"

"I think he deserves to be promoted," replied Ellen.

"Well, I'm sure he has a very good opportunity now."

"Pray tell me how," cried Ellen, anxiously.

"How! O, dear me! easy enough. But, la! I forgot to tell you that the old troop quarter-master is dying. He'll not live out the night; he has got the rattles in his throat: and that you know defies the doctors. I went to visit him every day

this week ; last night he didn't know me, poor old man. O bless you, he'll be off before twelve to a dead certainty ; and then I know that my husband will be made troop-sergcant-major in his place. Ay, and if you knew what you were about, Gray might have Honderdonk's situation."

"I cannot see how I have it in my power to advance him to it," returned Ellen.

"I'll tell you then how you may do it—ay, as certain as you are walking beside me——"

Here the promised communication was prevented by the interruption of a voice behind them, crying out—

"Ha, ladies—ladies—going home—eh—rather late out. Well, I'm going your way, and will put myself under your charge."

It was Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin who had spoken : he was by their side. Taking Ellen's hand in a familiar and confident manner, looking under her bonnet, and displaying his teeth in a wide grin, he told her that he was delighted to find so excellent a protection across the heath as the "beautiful Mrs. Gray," at which the sergeant's

“lady” burst out with a *cavalry** laugh, and declared, at its conclusion, that upon her honour there would be no speaking to Mrs. Gray after that compliment, and that she ought to be very proud at being so highly honoured by her captain.

Ellen trembled, blushed, and was unable to speak ; she withdrew her hand from that of Develin, which he reluctantly resigned ; her confusion increased ; the captain’s gabble went on. Ellen, after a few moments turned to take the arm of Mrs. H., but that lady was in the act of retreating, waving her hand, nodding her head, and saying, “ I’ll be with you in a moment, Mrs. Gray. Go on—I’ll overtake you.”

Ellen stopped for Mrs. H., who had turned from the path and was out of sight ; she looked towards the place at which the “ lady” had disappeared, while the captain, putting his face close to her’s, addressed her in what he no doubt thought an irresistible tone and expression of voice.

“ I hope you are not fearful of being left alone with me, Mrs. Gray.”

* We have no excuse to offer for using this term, save such as the inventor of that expressive one “ *horse laugh*” would offer.

“No, Sir,” replied Ellen, faltering and becoming still more agitated.

“You tremble, my dear—surely I am not so very terrible a being that I affright you. Come, Mrs. Gray, let us walk onwards, the sergeant’s wife will overtake us—it gets rather dark—come, recollect that you are with your captain; I want to talk to you about your husband’s promotion. He has a very good chance of being made* now. Come, pray come.”

“Oh, no, Sir, I had rather wait a little,” replied Ellen, fearfully.

“Nay, you are frightened; come back then, and let us seek the sergeant’s wife.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll call her,” said Ellen; and at the moment she hurried back to the point at which she had seen Mrs. Hontherdonk disappear, followed closely by Develin.

In vain she called—no answer—not a sound was to be heard, save that of Ellen’s hurried breathing.

“God bless me!” exclaimed the captain, affecting great surprise, (for it *was* affecting—the whole

* A military phrase, meaning here, appointed to the post of non-commissioned officer.

affair was the result of confederacy between Mrs. Hontherdonk and himself), God bless me!" said he, "it is very odd; where could she have gone—oh, I suppose she has taken her own way home; so I think, Mrs. Gray, that you and I may as well take ours—it grows late—let us go, it will be a delightful walk over Mussal Hill this sweet twilight hour. Oh, what a fragrant odour there is abroad—the night is so calm, too!—let us go."

While the captain was thus speaking, Ellen remained fixed as a statue; her mind had roused within her; and while she appeared silent, and listening to Develin's voice, she was forming her plan of action. Her anxiety and trembling seemed suddenly to have left her, and she turned towards the captain, addressing him in a firm tone.

"I have no doubt that the sergeant's wife has gone home; but although I have to return without her, I have nothing to fear. I will avail myself of your offer to protect me across the hill, for I feel that an officer of the corps to which my husband belongs ought to be my safest protection."

"Truly, my dear Mrs. Gray, he ought to be

your best protector," said Develin, "and he will too ; but even if I were not your husband's officer, surely you would not fail to *command* me not only in that service, but in any other."

Poor Ellen was now, in self-defence, obliged to act the hypocrite, and to seem divested of all fear, while her heart was shrinking and shuddering from apprehension. She had no choice but to go on towards home or return to Thorpe ; both places were at equal distance from her, and equally lonesome ; therefore, she judged that the best chance she could have of escaping the danger of the captain's too well suspected turpitude, was to endeavour to rouse his honour by an appeal to it. But Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin, was not made of such penetrable stuff as she supposed he might be ; his honour was a spirit in the vasty deep which she might call in vain.

They proceeded. At every step the scene around appeared to Ellen as more remote and lonesome ; still she kept up her resolution, and conversed apparently with ease ; while he, with all the powers of his art, advanced towards his base intentions.

“ Were you really afraid of me,” demanded he, as they entered an open space surrounded by bushes.

“ I was fearful of crossing the hill,” Ellen replied—“ one might be murdered here !”

“ My dear Mrs. Gray, you are too lovely a creature for any one to injure! You would not be afraid to cross the hill with Gray.”

“ No, indeed, I should not,” said she, with a sigh which she could not repress.

“ Ha! you sigh, eh ?” said the captain. “ You must be very fond of Gray. Well, well, that’s all very proper ; so you should. Besides, he is a very deserving and promising young man. Would you like to see him made sergeant ?”

“ I should be most happy if he were,” she replied.

“ Well, you shall see him made sergeant,” said he, approaching still nearer to her ; “ you shall indeed. Be but kind, my dear Mrs. Gray, and I will do anything to forward his interests.”

Ellen trembled, but made no reply. She quickened her pace a little. He kept his position close to her.

“My dear Mrs. Gray, you should be the wife of an officer, and not of a private. Lovely as Venus you are, by Heaven! Hear me,” continued he, placing his arm beneath her’s, and holding it firmly—“hear me, my dear creature—I love you more than life! and if you be but kind, your husband shall be a sergeant to-morrow, and I shall be *your* slave for ever!”

O! Lewy Gray, where was your arm then, to have struck down the base insulter to the earth? You were marching on foot in the service of your country, wearied by the long way, and breathing prayers for your faithful and innocent wife, who now, helpless and unprotected, was the intended victim of him whose command over the soldier, and whose duty to the service, alike called upon him to shield his interests and regard his feelings, not to rob him of his dearest treasure, like the treacherous thief in the night! But Heaven watched for you in this extremity, young soldier! The eye that follows and the hand that guards unprotected virtue, were with your Ellen, and crushed the head of the serpent that would have stung her!

A group of dragoons, returning from an evening walk to the barracks, in haste to save the trumpet hour, fortunately were passing as the heartless captain had seized the terrified young woman in his arms. Alarmed and ashamed, he fled ere they recognized him, and Ellen was conducted in safety to her home.

The state of mind in which she was when she entered her dwelling may be easily imagined. Pale, shuddering, and heart-sick, she reached a chair, and sunk upon it, bursting into tears; while the hardened colleague of Develin, Mrs. Hontherdonk, whom she found seated before her, received her with a loud laugh, and an exulting declaration that she had played her a "capital trick" in leaving her alone with the captain. However, the sufferings of Ellen checked her mirth, and she hastened to render what assistance was in her power; at the same time chiding her for what she called *squeamishness*. The old woman of the house, however, who was present, animadverted on the conduct of the sergeant's wife in such a manner, that the latter prepared to depart, assuring Ellen, in a serious tone that the matter was nothing but a mere frolic;

that the Captain was a very pleasant kind of man ; and that she wouldn't be afraid to walk over the heath with him at any hour of the night—and so on ; after which assurance she left the cottage ; while Ellen, almost insensible, was kindly led to her bed by the good woman. A sad and bitter night did she pass.

CHAPTER VII.

Clansmen, up ! and march awa' !
March awa' ! march awa' !
Gather to the pibroch ca',
For the Bruce and Scotland's glory.
Before the sun gangs doon the glen,
At Bannockburn our Highland men,
On bright green field, with bloody pen,
Shall write a martial story.

GRAY did not return for several days after the disgraceful attack of Develin on his wife. During these days, Ellen would see nobody but the old woman of the house. Mrs. Hontherdonk several times endeavoured to intrude herself, but met with the treatment she so richly deserved, by being denied admittance. Ellen, from motives of prudence, resolved not to inform her husband of the captain's conduct. She thought it could be of no service ; but, on the contrary, might lead to great

trouble—the very least ill effect it could have, would be to make Gray unhappy. She came to the resolution of never again tolerating, for a moment, the presence of Develin, and hoped thereby that all would be well again. The captain, when Gray returned, felt shy of encountering him, guilty as he was; but finding that no alteration appeared in the soldier's manner, and having learnt through his servant Pointer, that Gray had not been heard to say any thing about the affair of the heath, he began to feel that although foiled in his first attempt upon the virtue of Ellen, he had not lost her altogether. He flattered himself that her not having communicated his conduct to her husband was an argument in favour of her good opinion towards him.

The regiment received a sudden order to march, a few days after Gray's return from command duty. Their destination was Flanders. Napoleon had thrown Europe into a new convulsion, by his return to France from Elba; and the British army was again set into motion to oppose his threatened invasion of the Netherlands.

Ellen was thus disturbed from her quiet cottage. She proceeded by the stage-coach, unaccompanied

by any one of the regiment, to Harwich, where she took the packet to Ostend, and joined the regiment there the day after. From Ostend she proceeded to Brussels by the canal, while her husband marched with his troop. Here they were quartered happily; for Gray had received a billet on a tradesman of the town, whose hospitality, like most of the Flemings at that time, did honour to his country; he accommodated Gray and his wife with his best apartments, and entertained them more like respected relations than strangers quartered on him as a tax. In short, he made his house their home.

The army was now augmenting fast, in preparation for the approaching struggle. Napoleon's voice echoed over the whole of Europe—his legions were assembling—the advancing masses of his troops were already pouring to the frontier with threatening acclamations. The day of attack was evidently not far distant. The youthful heart of Ellen trembled as she contemplated the approaching probabilities of events, while that of Gray exulted at the thought of another opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Fleming, with

whose family Gray was domiciled, insisted on his leaving Ellen as his guest, while the operations of the field should employ him. This was a kindness, the full force of which Gray felt; for he knew what a dreary place was the field of war for a female of Ellen's gentle nature.

During the stay of the regiment at Brussels, which was but a short time, Captain Develin renewed his persecution of Ellen: he had not had an opportunity of seeing her while they were in England, subsequently to the insult he had offered her. On various pretensions of duty, he would, without ceremony, enter Gray's quarters; and in that untangible manner, so peculiarly his own, continue to hurt the delicacy of Ellen; and if she but walked out alone, she was persecuted with his solicitations, which became more unrestrained in him from his not perceiving that she had communicated his conduct to her husband. She believed she was acting rightly in concealing the captain's conduct from Gray; and painful as it was, she bore it sooner than, by telling him of it, awaken a train of consequences which she trembled to contemplate. Perhaps she *was* right. Had she

not been so situated as she was in relation to the captain—had this persecution occurred to her in private life, where she should have had no regard but that of one free subject to another, she no doubt would have communicated the affair to her husband—yet we will not say that she would be right, even in that case; but the power that Develin held over her husband made her dread his malignity. Gray, she knew, was on the point of promotion; and she knew how easily his hopes might be thwarted. To avoid contact then with the captain was as much as she could do under the circumstances.

It was on the memorable evening when the Duchess of Richmond gave a grand entertainment at Brussels to the Duke of Wellington, and the nobles and chiefs of the armies then under his command, that Develin, in his ball dress, intruded himself at Ellen's quarters under a frivolous pretence. Bedizened with lace and trappings for the *dance*, his figure, in his own estimation, was irresistible—no female could withstand him. The champaign with which he was fortified within, had imparted to his

spirits an impetus that carried him on through the stream of his fancies without a pause, until he found himself in her presence. The apartment in which Ellen was seated, was situated at an extremity of the house, in which none else of the inmates but herself then were. She turned pale as he entered, but preserved her usual presence of mind.

“Is Gray here?” inquired he, pushing open the door. “Ha! Mrs. Gray—what, alone!—I just wanted to tell your husband to—but I see he is not here. I wished to send him to the regiment with a—Well, no matter, now I find you are here, I am better pleased.”

“I am sorry he is not here, Sir, to receive your commands,” returned Ellen.

“My dear, lovely, charming, beautiful Mrs. Gray, *you* are here,” cried Theobald, seating himself, and seizing the hand of Ellen at the same time; “*you* are here, and I want no other being to mar the happiness I feel in your presence. O Mrs. Gray, you have treated me coldly, I who love you better than could a thousand husbands.”

“Sir, you are a captain, my husband is but

a private ; he is under your absolute command ; therefore do not insult his wife. Let me go, Sir," said Ellen, resolutely, but trembling in every limb.

"Let you go, my love ! nonsense—we are alone. I'll make your fortune. My dear angelic Mrs. Gray, I love you—a *captain* of dragoons loves you. Nay, now, my sweet angel, stay and speak to me. Come to me—come and live with me. You were not made for a private soldier—By Heaven ! you were not. I have been at the duchess's ball, and saw none there like you. I came away on purpose to see you."

"Unless you permit me to go, Sir, I shall call for assistance. Do not hold me, Sir," returned Ellen.

"I will not hold your hand, but you shall not quit the room. There—you are free : but I shall lock the door," said Develin, rising, and turning the key in the lock, while she ran to the window, and threw the sash open. The intruder followed her, seized her in his arms—she shrieked—

Fortunately, at this instant, the drums beat to arms

at all quarters. Develin instantly let go his grasp, and looked out to ascertain the truth of what the drums portended. He saw, running to and fro, numbers of staff-officers. Bugles now sounded, and several dragoons galloped by the window.

“What’s the matter, Jackson?” cried he, addressing somebody below in the street, in a loud voice.

“The French are coming down upon us. We are to march immediately,” cried a voice, in reply.

Ellen had unlocked the door and fled; but even had she not, the news was a sufficient damper to the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the captain to have saved her from further molestation. Develin was out of the house in a few minutes. Ellen saw him depart with the feelings of one who had just escaped the jaws of a tiger. She returned to her room, locked the door; and throwing herself on a chair, burst into tears.

The current of her feelings was interrupted by the increasing, and now alarming noise in the street. She ran to the balcony, and looked in affright upon the scene below her. The moon was broadly shining, and she could perceive distinctly every object that presented itself. Officers of every

rank, from the general to the subaltern, were running in various directions—soldiers turning out of every house—detached parties of regiments forming up, and marching to join their comrades—single dragoons, at short intervals, galloping by with despatches—drums beating at all points—bugles and trumpets sounding—the town's people gaping in fearful attitudes—the windows filled with spectators—loud and urgent orders passing from one point to another—oaths and cries of exultation. Such was the state of Brussels before her eyes—so sudden, so unexpected, so truly alarming to her. She already fancied the battle begun—that her husband was already on the march to meet the overwhelming foe, perhaps never to return—not one farewell could she lay to her heart as a recollection of their final parting. She now tasted the first bitterness of war—her vivid imagination pictured what was passing before her in the most alarming outlines, and the anticipation of a few hours made her tremble with terror. The tears which insult had produced upon her cheek were now dried up, in the burning anxiety she felt for the fate of her husband; and the wildly rolling eye—the

clasped hands—the pallid face, and throbbing bosom, stamped her as a precious model for the poet, the painter, or the sculptor, whose genius could accomplish the representation of a lovely, suffering, affectionate, and devoted wife.

She remained staring on the scene of busy preparation, watching anxiously for the appearance of her husband's regiment, which her false hope told her would march through the town, and combating, by her reason, the horrors which her love was pouring into her mind.

For two hours, the scene, like the surface of the sea influenced by the growing storm, fluctuated, but increased in trouble. It was now within half an hour of midnight ; the confusion began to lessen, and gradually sunk into a more awful calm. An army extending as far as her eye could reach, was assembled, silent, and in line : yet how it gathered there, one could scarcely reconcile to reason, so regularly, so orderly, and so quickly did it form out of confusion ; it would almost seem that the men had slept in ranks, accoutred as they were, and that the drums and bugles had but waked them. Still no horsemen met her view ;

the infantry only were there. Beneath her stood the close ranks of the hardy Highlanders: she fixed her eyes on them; then passed her glance along their black, waving plumes and glittering arms, until they lessened into indistinct masses; but no cavalry interrupted their line. The drums, silent for a while, now rattled again; the bugle poured through the air its mellow notes, and the pibroch of the kilted Scots screamed the war march, that stirred up many a heart which, ere another midnight bell should sound, was destined to lie still and cold in glorious death. The short farewell was breathed from lip to lip, from breast to breast. The word was given; it passed along the line; the columns move—their colours waving in the moonlight, and the murmuring prayers of the Belgians floating over them. Ellen saw them pass, mass after mass—cannon after cannon rolled loudly by her—thousands of soldiers—yet none of the cavalry. Her heart sunk within her, still she faintly hoped to hear the clattering of the horses' feet, and to see the bright trappings of the horsemen. One word with Gray—one sight of him—

her own beloved Lewy, was now all she expected, and to obtain it, ere he should pass into the battle, she would have gladly died—to be denied would be worse than death to her.

The battalions were all gone—the grey twilight was now colouring when the moon had silvered—the streets, so lately filled with armed soldiers, were now spread with crowds of the anxious inhabitants, who spoke loudly to each other in prophecy of the coming day. A train of horsemen appeared at a distance—they advance—she sees the colour of their regimentals—it is that of the corps to which her husband belongs. They approach—the people open to let them pass—hats are waved and cheers are given—the leading horsemen are under her window—they are officers—their plumes wave gallantly, their steeds throw up their crests and paw against the bridle. The duke is in the midst of them; all know him by his plain blue frock, and glazed cocked hat; and all greet him—from the streets, the doors, and the windows. But Ellen's eyes are turned to his followers—his guard of dragoons; they come—the morning's early

light is on their faces ; he is looking at her with his heart in his eyes—her own Lewy Gray. They cry ‘ faREWELL ’—it is the soldier’s parting—he cannot stay— he anxious steeds press on.—They are gone ; and Ellen now may weep .

CHAPTER IX.

Reel through battle-field, insatiate death ;
Reel, giant—drunk with mortal's noblest blood,
It is thy charnal holiday. Still drink,
And glut upon thy reeking draughts of life ;
For ages long shall pass ere thy dry jaws
Shall fare so bounteously.

GRAY, as one of the party of dragoons who attended the Duke of Wellington, proceeded onward at a sharp pace through the marching columns, which his grace examined, with a close but quick glance, as he passed on, and after a march of seven leagues, came up with the Belgian troops under the Prince of Orange, who had been attacked and pushed back by the French. It was about seven o'clock ; none of the British troops had yet arrived within some hours' march of the duke. The party of

dragoons were ordered to remain in readiness for duty in a corn field near the road, on a rising ground, which commanded a full view of the country in front, while the duke and his staff proceeded to the left.

The four biscuits which had been served out to each man at Brussels the night before, with some cold beef, and the contents of their canteen, served to regale the dragoons after their long and rapid march, while the stout steeds that had borne them found a delightful repast in the high rye that waved under their noses. Here they beheld passing on the road beside them many wounded Belgians, and could see before them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the French bayonets glistening over the high fields of corn, and hear distinctly the occasional discharges of musketry from the tirailleurs. Gray's heart leaped with joy, and he thought no more of Brussels.

"What's this place called?" inquired one of the dragoons, generally, of his comrades.

"Called!—O, some jaw-breaking Dutch name of a yard long, I suppose;" replied another.
"Ax Gentleman Gray—he'll tell you."

“ Well, Mr. Gray, do you know the name of this here place ?”

“ I believe,” replied Gray, “ we are near a point called *Quatre Bras*, or the four roads.”

“ Well,” rejoined the other, “ if there were half-a-dozen roads, it wouldn’t be too much for these here Flemingers—yon road’s not wide enough for them, you see. Look, here’s a regiment o’ them coming back !”

“ Ah ! poor fellows—we might be in the same situation,” observed Gray ; “ remember that their force is not strong in comparison with the French, by the accounts that have been received : better to fall back at the first of a fight than at the last.”

“ I say, Jack,” said another, with his mouth full of biscuit, “ did you ever meet with such a devil of a roadster as the *corpolar* there with the glazed cocked hat.”

“ Who do you mean ?” said Jack.

“ Why the Dook, to be sure—how he *did* give it us on the long road through the forest.”

“ Ay—he’s the lad ; well, here’s God bless his jolly old glazed hat any way,” cried the trooper, swallowing a horn of grog, “ he’s the boy what has

come from the Peninsula just to gi' 'em a leaf out of his book. He was a dancing last night—riding like a devil all the morning—and I'll warrant he'll be fighting all the afternoon by way of refreshing himself."

"He look'd serious enough this morning though, Master Tom, as he was turning out."

"Serious! and so did you; hasn't he enough to make him look serious? Bony, and all the flower of the French before him. I like to see him look serious; he's just a thinking a bit, that's all. Look, look, look, where he is now pelting away up the hill there. My eye! but he's a rumon'."

"Ay, just as he was in the ould ground," cried an Hibernian. "'Pon my sowl, I think I'm in Spain agin. There he is, success to him!—an' the smell o' the powther too so natural."

"The light troops are pushing on towards that wood," said Gray, fixing his eyes on a particular spot.

"Sure enough they are. Ah! we'll soon have the boys up who will set them off with a flea in their ear."

"Look—on the rising ground there, about half

a mile away, how they are moving about—that is a train of artillery—see the guns—there is a regiment of infantry going to the left—do you see their bayonets? A fine open place here for a battle.”

“Not so good as that which we passed—the plain fields we crossed immediately after we left the forest of Soignes,” said Gray: “however, that little wood on our right, in front, which runs along the road, is a good flank, and the village before us is a strong point.”

“Ay, but you see the Belgian troops couldn't keep it; the French have pushed them out of it.”

“We'll soon have it again, I'll warrant; our men have a fine open ground here, to give the French a lesson in dancing,” cried the corporal of the party, throwing himself down on his back in the corn. “Here I'll lie and rest myself; and I don't think I shall be disturbed by the buzzing of the blue flies! I'll have a snooze, until the Highlanders come up.”

The party remained undisturbed, as the last speaker had intimated, until about half past one o'clock; nothing having been done in the way of attack by the French. During the interval, Gray employed himself in watching closely the scene

around him, and mentally discussing the chances of the now inevitably approaching fight.

The hour of struggle was near—the pibroch burst upon the ears of the troopers, and up they started.

“Here they come,” cried one—“Here they come,” cried another—“the gallant 42d; look at the petticoat-devils, how they foot it along!”

All stood on the highest part of the ground, to witness the arrival of the troops, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them on the main road. A hum arose. Belgian officers galloped down the road, and across the fields in all directions; the Duke was seen riding towards his expected soldiers, and the scene was life at all points. The pibroch’s sound grew louder; and now the bands of the more distant regiments were heard; and the harmonious bugles of the rifle corps, mingled their sounds with the others. The long red line of Britons is fully before the sight, like a giant stream of blood on the ripe and mellow bosom of the earth. Picton is at its head, and the Duke greets the heroic partner of his glory. The first of the regiments passes close to the troopers, and receives a cheer from them, which

found a return in the relaxing muscles of the hardy Scots.

“ What corps is that ?” inquired one of the group.

“ The Royal Highlanders, the 42d—don’t you see they are turned up with blue and gold ?” replied another.

“ And what’s this with the yellow facings ?”

“ The old 92d.”

“ And the other Scotch regiment, with the green and gold ?”

“ The 79th ; three as good kilted corps as ever crossed the Tweed. And there’s the 95th rifle boys, as green as the wood they are going to take. And there see the 98th,—and the 44th,—and the 32d ;—that’s Picton’s division ; a glorious set of fellows as ever stept.”

“ And who are the fellows all in black ?”

“ The bold Brunswick corps, with death’s head on their caps—the *undertakers* of the French,” cried the corporal.

Never did a young hero gaze on a gallant army with more enthusiastic feelings, than did Gray upon the troops before him—the sight stirred his

heart-strings. They were within shot of their foe, and half an hour should see them in the bloody contest. He sighed to think that his own regiment was not yet come up, with which he might share the glory of the fight.

One after the other, the corps entered the fields, across the high corn, from the road, to take up their positions for the battle. Neither cavalry nor artillery had they to support them—their bayonets were their hopes; and their wise general placed them accordingly in squares, and at such distances as that one might support the other, while each would protect itself, independently, if necessary. The rifle corps now advanced, to open the business of the day by firing into a field of tirailleurs. The French were not idle at this time; they advanced in masses—cavalry and infantry; while a roar of cannon, that almost deafened every ear, covered the attack.

“ They are coming on the centre,” cried Gray :
“ see the cuirassiers—what a body of men ! O !
where is our cavalry ?”

“ Ay,” cried a trooper ; “ and look—what
columns of infantry !”

All now remained in breathless anxiety, gazing on the approaching masses of the enemy—not a word was spoken amongst the well planted squares of the British. The French are within fifty yards of them; and the battle begins.

“There,” cried a trooper; “how our men give it to them!—there’s a volley!—look how the horses fall!—see, they can’t stand it—hurrah!—the rascals are staggered—the 27th are after them—they deploy into line; there the French go, with the bayonet at them, helter-skelter. But observe, at a little distance from them, the enemy’s dragoons are at the 42d—the Scotch open and let them pass—but now they get it right and left. Down they go—bravo! old Scotland.”

“By Heaven!” cried Gray, “here come the Brunswick horse in confusion, pursued by the cuirassiers along the road, near the village.”

All turned to gaze at the point: it was too true: their leader had fallen; they had advanced too incautiously, and were, therefore, obliged to fall back.

“Here they come, and the French cavalry are

close upon them. But see, the Highlanders in the ditch. Hark ! there—they gave them a volley. Down tumble the horsemen !—look !—they are in a heap on the ground.”

A shout from the troopers acknowledged the glorious truth. It was the fire from the 92d that achieved the triumph.

The artillery, the musquetry, and the shouting of the combatants, became so deafening that even the group of troopers unoccupied in the fight, and in the rear, could scarcely hear each others voices. Gray's party mounted their horses now, in order to have a better view of the battle, and from the situation of the ground on which they were standing, they beheld, in awful anxiety, rush after rush made against the British infantry, whose duty was evidently that of firm defence; they beheld wave after wave of blue ranks advance over the rising bosom of the ground, and saw them successively battered by the rocks they assaulted—the ground covered with men and horses by the well-directed fire of the squares. The other divisions of the English army were fast arriving, and taking up ground on the left, in spite of the efforts of the French to prevent it,

and thus divide them from their comrades engaged. A "lull," (as the sailors say, when the storm pauses a little,) took place, and both armies stood, as it were, looking at each other. But another and more desperate attack soon followed—the tempest returned with double violence. The mouths of Ney's numerous cannon opened again: the smoke drifted over on the English, and under its cover were seen advancing an immense force, for another struggle with the right of the duke's line, in order to turn it, and possess themselves of the village. The duke and his staff were in front of the 92d regiment, and the balls playing on them had knocked down several of his aides-de-camp. As the foe came near, the artillery ceased, the close fight began, and several regiments at once poured in their fire: both sides kept their ground, and hundreds fell at every discharge of musketry. The duke now, in the pithy and familiar language of the soldier, cried out to the Scots,

"Ninety-second, you must charge these fellows."

The word was magic—the kilts rushed against the blaze of the *tirailleurs*! Their leader and their officer fell amongst them: but alas! their blood only

enraged the men — fiercely as tigers they rush, and their bayonets sink into the mass before them. The whole fly before them, while the victorious highlanders pursue them almost out of sight of their general. Alas ! many of these heroes fell in their gallant work.

This glorious charge was beheld by Gray and his comrades with delight ; their shacos waved over their heads, and their cries of exultation fully shewed what a catching thing is the fever of the fight. One of the dragoons now turned his eyes to the wood on the right, which the French had possessed themselves of, and exclaimed—

“ But look, the guards have come up, and are in the wood. Where did they come from ? I didn’t see them before. Hark ! how they shout ; they are all amongst the trees.”

“ Yes, and they’ll not soon come back ; they’ll keep their ground, I’ll warrant,” cried the corporal.

At this moment the troopers were somewhat disarranged by a part of the earth suddenly flying upwards in a cloud ; it was the effect of a cannon ball which had struck the ground. They started a few paces backwards, wiped their faces, and

having all passed their jocular sentiments on the occasion, coolly united again to view and comment on the action.

They continued to gaze on the busy and bloody scene, with but few observations. Mass after mass was advancing against the steady squares of infantry, and received with roars of musketry ; the cavalry of the enemy, desperate and disappointed, galloped about the close and well-guarded Britons, cutting at the ranks, and dropping as they cut. Artillery bellowed upon the unyielding heroes, whose ranks closed up at every point where the dead had opened them ; they cried aloud for the order to advance ; but received the cool and prudent negative of the watchful chief, who, during the action, was moving from rank to rank, encouraging and elevating the energies of his men.

The repeated unsuccessful attacks of the French wore out the patience of their general, and so thinned his ranks, that he at length ceased to contend, and drew off his troops from the field, leaving the English masters of it, and holding every point of the position which they had taken up in the early part of the day.

Night closed over the field, and the soldiers lay down on the ground which they had so well defended during the day. Alternately they watched and slept, shelterless beneath the rain, and on the moist earth, still armed and accoutred, ready for the renewal of the battle whenever it might be necessary. Many waggon loads of wounded were at the close of the evening collected and dispatched towards Brussels; but the groans which rung all night over the field, shewed that far more remained behind than were removed. The dead, the wounded, the sleeping, and the watching—all lay together on the wet turf that awful night, and presented a scene to the fresh troops that occasionally were coming up, which, while it shocked, made them inwardly resolve on revenge.

Gray and his comrades, who had lighted a fire behind an old wall, and were lying in their cloaks around it, were about midnight ordered to mount and proceed back to Genappe, a village a little in their rear, in charge of a despatch for their colonel, and to join their regiment then arrived there. They proceeded accordingly at a brisk trot over the road, lined with wounded English and Bel-

gians creeping to the rear, or lying' down exhausted ; and many a cold corpse, that had sunk from life on the way, made their horses snort and falter, as the dim twilight displayed them prostrate on the broken roads. They arrived at Genappe, and there found their regiment in bivouac, the men regaling themselves around their fires, under the shelter of sheds, green branches, and old walls ; their horses champing the half-ripe corn which had been cut for them without ceremony from the neighbouring fields. Both officers and men anxiously inquired the news of the day, and listened with feelings of astonishment and pride to the details of the battle given by Gray and his party.

The morning came. The dragoons remained under arms : the day advanced, and the roads leading to the army became crowded with waggons, baggage, wounded soldiers, and terror-stricken peasants flying from their homes. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were hourly arriving from the rear, but were halted by express orders.

The columns of the army retreating from the front, now appeared on the road, drenched by the

rain which still was falling heavily on them. They march into Genappe. Firing is now heard behind them in the distance ; the dragoons are ordered up to protect the rear ; they pass the soaked, bemuddled, but still bold and unbending infantry, at a brisk trot, and receive their voluntary cheers as they pass. Bodies of French cavalry are now seen moving for the attack on the rear of the retreating army ; the British squadrons are ready ; they charge the cuirassiers of Napoleon ; Gray is in the midst of them, almost alone, while many of his comrades lie overthrown around him. It was the first shock of the heavy guard of the enemy, and almost irresistible. Still our young hero fought, and vainly thrust at the bright steel breastplates of his foes. The shout comes on from behind him ; the heavy dragoons of England are up ; they dart through the enemy, and like the tempest in standing corn, sweep them to the earth. Short was the bloody charge ; but it shewed the enemy that their cuirasses were not infallible when opposed to the power of the English cavalry.

The retreat continued until about five o'clock, little molested by the pursuers, and the whole army of the

Duke of Wellington took up a position near a wood, through which the road ran to Brussels, near the village of Waterloo. Still was the rain unabated ; yet steadily did the various regiments move to their appointed stations—hungry and weary, yet able to meet their enemy, and willing to obey their general, conscious of his ability, and proud of his presence. Firm and prepared in their various positions, they remained during the awful night, while the thunder rolled above, the lightning flew around, and the wind and the rain chilled them deeply.

The morning came ; the storm of the elements had ceased, as if to give place to the tempest of the coming battle. The drum was heard at all quarters—the bugle and the trumpet ; the biscuit, the cold beef, and the fortifying contents of the canteen—not what the commissary had brought, but what they themselves had brought from the commissary in the rear—furnished a meal for each soldier—the last that thousands were ever to eat. Their clothes were dried at fires lighted for that purpose ; and the natural warmth of the summer morning helped to dissipate the cold

which they had experienced during the night ; each man beheld the thousands of his hardy comrades, their ranks stretching over the wide fields, their cannon ready to open, their officers at their posts, and their well-trying general riding from place to place, with that coolness and self-possession which so particularly marked his character, and which is invariably the indication of the purest courage.

Gray's regiment, brigaded with two other cavalry corps, was stationed at the distance of three hundred yards behind the centre of the British line of infantry, and from thence could see most of the movements of the troops. Several other brigades of horse—English, and Belgian, and Dutch, were at various distances on each side ; and in his rear also various brigades of artillery, horsed and ready for the order to push forward to the front. The ground on which all stood was made up of plantations of corn ; and by the foot of war, the high and blooming crop, which had but three days before waved over the surface, was now trodden down flat to the earth. About nine o'clock, the sun suddenly burst over the

field, throwing the whole of the terrific yet sublime scene into vivid colours. Gray stood in the right flank of his regiment, gazing with intensity on the active preparations around him. This was the first time a grand general engagement, in which he was to be employed, had offered. Nothing so magnificent—as well in fact as by association with his early impressions of military glory—could be by him imagined. Nearly eighty thousand men were in ranks around him, within a few moments of battle, and awaiting but the breath of Wellington to rush on to it. Within his sight were also the legions of Napoleon, coolly and regularly taking up their ground for the fight; columns of blue cavalry and infantry, marching to and fro on the rising ground in his front; red lancers and glistening cuirassiers, lengthening their line along the brow of their position. The British and allied troops were now forming into compact squares, and placing themselves, in relation to each other, like the divisions of a chess-board, so that the foe that might dare to pass between any two of them, should suffer from the fire of three; the cavalry and the artillery behind these squares; the colours of the dif-

ferent clothing brightened by the sun—the red of the British infantry and heavy dragoons, the blue of the artillery and light horsemen, the bright hues of the Belgian, the black of the Brunswickers, and the dark green of the sharpshooters; groups of staff officers, passing from corps to corps, in easy gallop, as if a review were contemplated, and not a battle that was to decide the fate of Europe; and above all, the active chief himself, with his glass—now here, now there—watchful, prudent, bold, and able; the trumpets behind; the drums and bugles in front; the nervous yet determined countenances of the men within his view—these, displayed on the wide undulated fields of trodden corn fully before him, impressed the mind of Lewy Gray with a sublimity of feeling that would have made a martyr of him that day in the cannon's mouth, if his duty in the cause of his country had required the sacrifice.

It was now near eleven o'clock: an aid-de-camp was seen galloping along the brigades of artillery, which as he passed and gave his orders, began to move up quickly to the front—some before the squares, others between them. The duke was seen

galloping to the right of his position—a chateau, called Hougoumont, where a strong force was stationed, particularly of artillery. A breathless silence hushed the whole of the troops—the moment of struggle was at hand—the matches of the artillery are lighted—columns of French cavalry and infantry are seen moving towards the chateau : Gray’s eye follows their advance—they disappear down in the hollow—their heads appear again—they are within three hundred yards of Hougoumont—their mounted leaders wave their swords for the attack—the men seem to obey, and the shout of “ *Vive l’Empereur* ” strikes on all ears—but it is drowned in a roar of British artillery ! The assailants reel backwards—they are again rallied by their daring leaders, and again they turn. Who could advance into the mouths of the terrible cannon ? A murmur of admiration runs through the men—the thunder has awakened them from reflection, and their hearts are all bounding in their breasts—no longer is there a thought of home, or love, or friends, or relations—these gentler visitors of the soldier’s mind, that had held on all but a moment before, are put to flight, and

the exulting echoes of the cannon call up the fires of strife in all hearts—the men rise more erect, and the horses of the ranks beat their hoofs against the ground, and champ the bit as if in eagerness to advance. But the thunder of hundreds of the enemy's cannon now was heard, and their blazes were seen on the rising ground, where the attacking infantry had not been able to stand—showers of heavy ball pour on the walls of Hougoumont, and on the light troops around it; an immense cloud of smoke obscures the ground of the enemy, and floats towards the chateau:—under cover of this smoke the French approach—“*Vive l'Empereur*” from thousands of voices echoes over the field—they advance—the muskets within the walls, and at the gate, and from the ditches, thicken the air with bullets—the British cannon rake the assailants—still the huge masses of the enemy push on, and boldly surround the building they could not enter—the sharpshooters of Nassau, entrusted with a post among the trees, fly before the terrible torrent—trees fall as fast as men—the enemy possess the road by the chateau, but the

guards within at every instant call down the penalty of hundreds of lives for this advantage. Now come squadrons of cuirassiers sweeping by the walls in the face of the British cannon ; the small square masses of the black Brunswickers are their first objects—the horses dash at them—the steeled breasts of their riders are close upon the bayonets—“ fire ” is the word—the squares within range, level their muskets with precision, and the flower of France reel with the volley !—horses fly and fall, with dead and dying riders, while the living ranks fall back, re-form for the charge, and attack again—but again meet only defeat ; the little squares were rocks, and their mailed assailants but the tempest waves. •

For nearly two hours, were these attacks with artillery, cavalry, and infantry continued, in the sight of our young hero and his comrades ; and long as the time reckoned in the work of death, so heart-stirring was it, that it passed away as but a moment with young Gray. Roland was the next file to him in the ranks, and they therefore occasionally conversed during the engagement—for

Roland was an intelligent soldier. Every man spoke to his comrade the ungovernable sentiments produced by the various displays exhibited in the terrible attack on the chateau ; and when the enemy ceased their exertions at that point, loud exclamations of satisfaction flew through the ranks of the beholders.

“ See where they advance on the left, towards that farm house,” cried Gray ; “ they are coming with hundreds of cannon.”

“ Ay, and clouds of infantry,” observed Roland.

“ I strongly suspected that they would push at that point, in order to gain the road to Brussels, and separate us from a communication with the Prussians. What troops are posted there ?”

“ The German Legion,” replied Roland ; “ there they are in the garden—look ! there goes the duke across the front—he is ordering up a brigade of artillery.”

The rush was now made upon the farm-house—first bellowed the cannon, and then came the overwhelming numbers of infantry. The Germans within the garden and walls of the farm-yard, kept

up a powerful fire, assisted by several pieces of artillery ; but nothing could withstand the repeated arrival of fresh troops.

“ It would seem,” said Gray, “ that they meant to push their whole force at this point.”

The smoke now envelops the farm-house and garden—the French have gained it, and the slaughter of its defenders is certain.

“ Look,” cried Roland, “ their immense columns are now deploying before the left centre.”

“ Yes, they mean to push their advantage, and endeavour to throw us back. They are driving back the Belgians there, but the royals and 44th are moving up to support them—Heavens ! how the men drop by the fire of the artillery.”

At this moment Gray's horse, snorting loudly, reared suddenly upwards, and pressed back on his haunches, with every expression of alarm in his countenance—for Canterbury had an eye, an ear, and a nostril of excellent expression ; the next files to him on the left had also started back “ A shell ! a shell ! ” resounded. Gray turned to look for the cause of alarm—before him, half sunk in the soft earth, was the ponderous engine of de-

struction, with its fuse burning fast away—the men and horses before it are jammed together, almost panic-stricken! Presence of mind in the young soldier saved them—"Off, right and left!" cried he, spurring his horse; 'twas all he had time to say, but it was enough: they had scarcely opened, when the shell burst with a tremendous explosion, covering the haunches of the retreating horses with earth. Canterbury had bounded several yards away with the leap of a deer, and had wheeled round suddenly to stare at the danger; his tail, therefore, escaped the flying earth, but his face, chest, and neck became covered with it. With the explosion the confusion ended, and as the files closed to their places, the colonel rode up, and ordered that the men should look out for the approach of shells, and give the alarm at each.

All eyes were now turned towards the assailants, whose impetuosity and superiority of numbers seemed to threaten the 44th and royals. These regiments stood the onslaught bravely, but were obliged to give ground, after half an hour's hard struggling, and the enemy gained the possession of a hedge which ran along the front of the posi-

tion. The kilts are ordered to dislodge them. "Ninety-second, charge the fellows, and do it your own way," roared the brigadier chief. The command is answered by the war yell of the anxious Highlanders—they rush with the steel to the charge—the alarmed foe falters—the torrent approaches, and all fly before it. Now dashed on the Scotch greys at a gallop, and dealt out death upon the flying. But fresh columns rush to support the retreating foe—cavalry and infantry; again they push back the assaulting Scotchmen; Picton, and his fire-eaters, rapidly advance, with bayonet; they take the battle to themselves: murderous was the strife, for the French stood firm to the shock. It was "*France*" or "*England*" in this struggle: and "**ENGLAND**" it was; the utmost strength of the foe was unable to bear up against the British line, and victory for the time was Picton's. The chief's horse came galloping back; it passed close to Gray, and was well known to the men; its saddle and housings were dripping with blood, and, alas! but too truly told the fate of its gallant rider.

The carnage of the steel was now changed to the

more vast and sweeping destruction of the artillery. A terrific host of cavalry were advancing from the French position: it seemed as if columns of dragoons had sprung out of the ground by magic power, they appeared so suddenly, and so numerous. Supported by countless cannon, they approached to make a desperate effort, and carry the point by a torrent of destruction. The duke's cannon and his mortars opposed death to death—the fiery tails of the rockets swept through the sky, screaming as they flew on their bloody mission—shells crossed shells in their aërial route—roar answered roar from the sulphureous mouths of the metal—and heaps on heaps of men and horses roll beneath the dreadful tempest of death! The French cavalry, to the very blazes of the British artillery, advanced, obliging the workers of the guns to fly into the squares of bristling bayonets, from which came showers of bullets that stretched the daring horsemen prostrate, or made them “turn and flee”—then back to the cannon flew the English artillerists, to renew upon the retreating troops their masterly fire.

The attack was now made all along the left of the British line by swarms of horse and foot, with

partial success at one moment, and reverse at the next. The chivalric Earl of Uxbridge, followed by his staff, appeared in front of the brigade of dragoons in which was Gray's regiment. He rode along their line, looking with a sharp glance into the ranks, and with a countenance of quiet resolution that was inspiring to the soldiers. "Be ready, men, for an advance!" was all he said as he passed. The brigade-general received his orders, and in a few moments the command was given to move up to the front. The column was formed, and with a coolness and intrepidity consistent with the troops of the great field in which they contended, they pushed on through the intervals of the squares to the assailants, under a blaze of fire from the enemy's artillery that deprived them of many files: The red lancers of Buonaparte were the objects of their attack—the squadrons form for the charge—onward they spur, and are received with a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" A terrible slaughter commences—the lancers fight like tigers: so do the English dragoons; they are cheered by their brother soldiers from behind—horses fall over horses, and the British are scattered. Gray is almost alone

--a crowd are upon him, but he boldly strikes out, and his powerful enemies shun him. His horse was one of the strongest in the ranks in bone and muscle, and bore him nobly against the rush of many. He advances; he wheels and returns to where the fight is thickest; the parries of his sabre were masters of the lance, and he was seen riding amongst his foes with a daring that called forth many a shout of encouragement from the infantry who beheld him, as well as the admiration of his enemies. But he was cut off from his corps—the red lancers were between him and his comrades. Still boldly he sustained himself, and miraculously rode uninjured by sabre, shot, or lance. The rush of his successful foes now comes back upon him—they are retreating—the heavy dragoons are charging them. Gray reins up aside, and parries and cuts as the lancers repass him. The life guards are in amongst them—he joins their ranks—pursues, and lends his sabre to the slaughter which his comrades deal on the fugitives. Few escaped this bloody charge, and Gray returned to his troop, now not half the number which they had counted ten minutes before. But he

is pale and bleeding—he answers the smiles of his admiring comrades with a faint exultation—his senses reel, and he falls from his horse amidst the hundreds of slain, with the heartfelt regrets of those who see him fall. Roland, his comrade, who had lost his horse in the onset, was ordered to mount Canterbury, which he did, first having poured some of the contents of his canteen into the mouth of Gray, and breathed a heart-felt sigh over him. There was no time for pausing—the energies of all were called for—the battle was in the height of its hurricane, and poor Gray was left amongst the dead !

In about an hour, the bellowing of the guns, the shrieks of the wounded, the yells of exultation, and the crashing of arms, lessened, and left the duke as firmly in his position as he was before the attack. The fight had been renewed on the right at Hougoumont, while that on the left was raging, and terminated in a very short time by the enemy setting fire to the chateau; thus venting their disappointment on the wounded within it, who of course were consumed; but not an inch of ground did the British give. This “lull” in the storm

was, however, only the precursor of a more terrific tempest. The whole line of the British was attacked by all the concentrated power of the enemy, headed by Napoleon. Three hundred cannon opened on the half-worn out allies—but the same spirit, the same courage, and the same discipline, which had marked the British in the previous struggles of the day, sustained the shock with almost superhuman ability. The duke was in the front, determined to die with his brave supporters, or win the fight—he won it as the sun went down, and Napoleon was no more the darling of Victory. The flower of France flew before the British Chief disconcerted—panic-stricken—beaten !

CHAPTER X.

There is a tale of woe in every face,
In every voice a whisper of mishap :
The very winds are charged by wanton War
To frighten all they meet : lightnings display
In hiding holes, the terror-stricken groups,
And thunders roaring o'er them, mock their fears.

ON the morning when Ellen had beheld her husband passing for the field, from which she feared he would never return, there was no person in the house with her from whom she could make inquiries regarding the true nature of the alarm then manifest everywhere within her view ; for all the inmates, except herself, had run affrighted either into the street or to the doors of their neighbours. She, therefore, remained in silent agony, gazing from the balcony on the streets

beneath her until the morning was far advanced, endeavouring in vain to find some appearance in the scene, or hear some expressions from the people, from which she might draw favourable opinions regarding the events about to happen. She was awakened from her train of harassing thought by the presence of the female part of the family in which she was domiciled, and by no means comforted by them, for they, in the true spirit of Flemish anticipation, and in the most energetic French, assured her, that they were all lost, that Buonaparte was within a few miles of the town, and that not a soldier, English, Dutch, or Flemish, could escape destruction. However, Ellen had too much good sense not to see that the fears of the good people arose not from any information by them received, but from the agitated state of their own simple minds.

In the turmoil naturally arising out of these fears in the family, Ellen passed the whole day ; every half hour brought a gaping and breathless newsmonger with fuel to the flames of alarm ; but as the time advanced, her hopes became more strengthened, for as yet all these prophecies of

terror proved abortive. In the morning, the town was to be sacked at noon; by mid-day, the French were certainly to be in Brussels about three o'clock in the afternoon; then their arrival was put off until the evening; and evening brought assurances of midnight massacre! Ellen, therefore, became of better cheer, and betook herself to her solitary apartment, there to hope and pray.

She continued alone, and in anxious thought for many hours, seated at the window, and listening to every wind that passed her; little else disturbed the quiet of the night. Brussels was a desert: a solitary dog or fearful inquirer, were all whose footsteps were to be seen—they could not be heard. The rain now began to fall, and the thunder to roar; at first she thought it was the sound of artillery, but the wide flashes of lightning relieved her fears. Still she remained gazing at the horrid night, regardless of every thing but one thought—the safety of her husband—O! could the embroidered villain who so ardently sought her ruin—could he have looked into her heart, and seen the devoted virtues that were agitating it, he, base and callous as he was, would have given up his heartless pur-

pose, and cried " Heaven bless thee ! I will not injure such excellence."

The clock strikes the midnight hour ; a clattering of horses' feet, and the rapid rolling of heavy wheels is heard by Ellen ; cries pierce her ears from every window ; her fears are increased—can it be the French ? She runs down to the lower rooms of the house ; there weeping faces and moaning voices meet her. " It is the artillery of Napoleon," all cry around her—the noise of the wheels passing is louder than the thunder—the door of the house is opened, and fire from the horses' feet as they gallop by, strike terror around. The master of the house enters, but not in alarm ; his countenance is calm and intelligent, and he assures them that the artillery passing is that of their brave defenders, the British, hastening to the battle. He had not been at home all day ; wiser than his townsmen, he had ridden out through the forest of Soignies, some leagues, where he learnt from the wounded that the English had gained the victory of the preceding day, and had fallen back but to gain another. The news revived the sinking spirits of Ellen, although

not of any other individual present, and she thanked from her heart her intelligent, kind, and worthy host.

“ We are perfectly safe,” said the Fleming; “ and your husband, my dear young woman, will return amongst others to receive our blessings.”

A comparative degree of quiet was thus restored in the house; and after two hours spent in the good man’s parlour, where he seemed the rock around which all clung for support in the storm, Ellen retired to her bed.

Undressed and sleepless she lay, counting over the anxious hours of night. Frequently she arose and looked out on the dismal streets, and once she saw a melancholy group conveying the body of a dead soldier. More than ordinary attention was evinced in the crowd that flocked around it; and she heard from the windows exclamations of woe mingled with the name of the fallen warrior—it was the Duke of Brunswick. Enwrapt as she was with her own grief, she could not help shedding tears—there was a melancholy in the sight that commanded this sympathy of sorrow and no heart was more susceptible of such feelings than that of

Ellen. The melancholy procession passed, and all was still again, until about five o'clock. At this hour, she was aroused by the galloping of cavalry beneath her window. She again arose, and looked out; it was the Belgian horse, covered with mud, and in disorder, who, as they passed, spread terror around, by crying aloud, "all is lost," while the groups in the windows wrung their hands in agony at the intelligence. Trembling and pale, and sick at heart, she stood till the soldiers were gone—hope seemed to have departed with them—the passing of waggons loaded with groaning wounded, whose blood was dripping from them on the ground—the straggling soldiers, some fainting, others dying and even dropping in the streets, convinced her that the tide of war was rushing on her; and she already wished herself swallowed by it into oblivion. But the kind reasoning of her hospitable guardian, who soon appeared before her, in a great measure sustained her sinking ~~energies~~ ^{strength}. He entreated her to go with him to his family, and to rely on Heaven for support: the weeping and devoted wife obeyed; and thus the dreadful night ended.

The succeeding day, although it 'produced a revival of Ellen's hopes, brought with it also a more feverish anxiety, for the cannonade of the battle was heard throughout the day by all at Brussels. Every shot wrung through the heart of the agitated wife of *Gray, and created a new prayer on her lips for his safety. About four o'clock an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington galloped into the town, with cheering news of success, and all hearts again arose; but the wounded were crowding in so fast now, the streets became so bespread with the dying, that the news, even though borne by so great an authority as that of his grace's aid-de-camp, had but a short-lived favour with most of the people in the town; yet Ellen believed it—she grasped at every word that told her of the army's success: her reason, too, impressed upon her that the British, if having been able to sustain so long a resistance against such overwhelming superiority as ~~she~~ had been led to count upon, could not very easily be beaten. Her sensible protector's opinion was now in part verified, and she felt towards evening the fullest hope in the success of the British. This great hope, however,

was only that under which a lesser crept—the hope of Gray's safety. The English army might conquer, yet he might fall—glory might crown the victors' arms, yet the cold wreath of desolation be pressed upon her temples—her country might gain in the victory an accession of renown, of strength, and of happiness, yet she lose her all on earth—her only relation—her beloved husband.

Such anxious reflections occupied her mind during the time the dreadful battle was raging. Alas! had she seen her husband fall bleeding to the earth, with quivering lip and sightless eye, the struggle would have been over, and despair, or perhaps death, might have claimed another victim; but ignorant of his fate, she remained many hours after his fall, in all the growing tortures of protracted suspense. It is true, that none who returned from the field had said he was dead, but no one was to be found to say he was yet living: and to reflect on the thousands of thunders which she had heard from the cannons' mouths all through that day, when every sound hurled death through the field where her beloved

might have been, was any thing but a reason for her hope.—Who could escape in such a conflict ?

The night passed with Ellen in the same turmoil of thought that agitated her during the day. She had retired to her chamber about midnight, and had lain upon her sleepless bed until the grey dawn was appearing. It was about half-past two o'clock, when a loud knocking at the door of the house aroused her from her thoughts, and a voice which she fancied she recollected, called aloud the name of the owner of the house. She approached the window, and looking out, perceived a mounted dragoon in the uniform of Gray's corps, and several persons, Flemings apparently, beside the horse. She instantly ran down stairs to where the family were, and who, like her, had not undressed themselves for sleep that night, and informed them of whom she had now seen from her window, desirous of being admitted to the house. The door was opened by the good man ; all look eagerly out, and behold a group of men carrying a soldier. The dragoon whom Ellen had seen from the balcony was now on foot, and

holding his^a bridle: it was Roland, her husband's comrade. Eagerly she inquired for Gray; the answer was in Roland's countenance.

“He is dead!” she exclaimed, reeling backward pale as a corpse; and were it not for the timely assistance of the people behind her, she must have fallen on the ground: animation had fled, and all the appearances of sudden death were upon her. She was carefully removed to the nearest apartment, while Roland proceeded to assist the men who were along with him to deposit their bleeding burthen, poor Gray, in the quarter he had so recently inhabited, all life and happiness. He was not dead, but from excessive bleeding appeared little short of it. Roland with several others, at the close of the battle, had been ordered to conduct French prisoners to Brussels, and that kind soldier remembering the spot, on which Gray had fallen, determined to carry his body before him on the horse, and deliver it to his wife; but was agreeably surprised at finding his gallant comrade alive, and able faintly to articulate. The humane young man instantly tore the sleeve from his own shirt, and firmly bound up

the wound on Gray's arm, from which the blood had ceased to flow, prevented by its own coagulation, then carefully removed him to the road, where he mounted Canterbury, and having by the assistance of his comrades placed the wounded soldier sideways before him on the animal, rode on thus towards Brussels, within half a mile of which he procured the assistance of some peasants to carry him on a bier, constructed of poles and willow twigs—deeming that mode of conveyance a much more safe and easy one than the other.

The man of the house, whom nobody observed to have gone out, returned before the wounded soldier was well placed in bed, bringing with him a surgeon of the English staff, whom he had sought and found. The wound was examined, and proved to be a lance wound in the arm, near the shoulder, and the surgeon at once proceeded to tie a ligature on the great artery, which had been opened, and had only ceased bleeding (the medical officer stated) from the puncture of the steel having occasioned the parts to swell around it, and so press upon the aperture of the artery. Had this not been the case, death must have soon

put an end to poor Gray ; but as it was, the surgeon hinted that the man's strength was not too far gone, and gave some slight hopes of recovery. There appeared, on further examination, a sabre cut on Gray's head, and a bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his leg ; but these wounds were considered of minor importance. The medical officer seemed to take warm interest in the young dragoon ; he remained with him until every thing necessary for his care was arranged. He directed Roland to sit by his bed side, to keep his eye on the wounded arm, and in case of a recurrence of bleeding from it, to tighten the tourniquet, and instantly run to the hospital to him with notice of it, where he said he should be to be found amongst the wounded all the remainder of the night. Should such accident happen, he said he would come and remove the arm, as the only mode of saving the man : still he did not expect the recurrence of bleeding—all he dreaded was, that Gray might sink from exhaustion, having already lost so much blood.

The state in which Ellen's feelings were when

she recovered from the insensibility to which the shock of beholding the body (as she thought) of her dead husband, may be easily imagined. She was not one of those "*highly refined*" females whose sorrow comes out in screams and convulsions, to end in nothing: her grief, like all true grief, was not so much marked by exterior appearances, as by inward and deep feeling. She had no tears, until the surgeon had assured her there were strong hopes of recovery in her husband's case; and then the scorching of her heart slackened, and gave way to a torrent of tears—the salutary assurance of abating misery—the shower that followed the passed lightning of despair.

Roland watched by the side of his comrade, who, after a few hours sleep, into which he had fallen almost as soon as he was placed in bed, spoke. Reason at first seemed slow in returning to the seat from which she had been so suddenly expelled. Gray recognised his comrade—saw his own wounded arm, and became sensible of his situation. His first inquiries were for his Ellen. She was not far away from his voice—she came to him—she

bathed with the tears of affection his forehead, and his pale cheek—while he, in her embrace, found a newer and a sweeter life than he had ever known before.

O, Woman ! thou'rt surely the bright light that cheereth
Each hour that we pass in life's drearysome waste ;
And he who, without thee, his gloomy way beareth,
Must tire long before half his journey is traced ;
For who, when the toil of the day overtake him,
Will lighten the cares that may press on his brow ?
Who will hang on his breast, when all others forsake him,
And bid him in sorrow be happy ?—'Tis thou !

Gray in a few days recovered—at least from danger: his kind host—his affectionate wife—his friend and comrade Roland, and the knowledge that his worthy and gallant Canterbury was yet reserved for him, now did more than the power of medical art to restore him to health. Victory bade him rejoice in his past sufferings; and the affections of those around him made him happier than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

How high yon beautiful white dove flies,
She's a moving pearl in the broad blue skies ;
Yet though she seem seeking yon Heav'n for a home,
She's of earth, and alas ! she must back to it come.
Yes, back she will come to this cold earth, where
The claw of the kite shall trample her !—
O virtue how like is that dove so white !
Man !—what's like the low of the carrion kite ?

THE vigour of youth asserted its power in Gray's constitution, and at the end of two months, his health became perfectly re-established : a fortnight further was allowed him before it should become imperative on him to join his regiment ; and this time was to him and his Ellen one of the sun-gleams which occasionally relieve the dreariness of a married private soldier's life. The story of the fond couple's sufferings and affections had spread through the family acquaintances of the

good Flemīng, to whose hospitality they had been so much indebted, and every day brought a kind invitation from one or other of them to Gray and his wife to pass an hour in sweet domestic sociability—an enjoyment which had been so often experienced, and so much esteemed by both before the curse of chancery had crossed their path and shut them out upon the bleak and friendless world. The Flemings are hospitable, and although in exterior dull and uninviting, are, but an inch deeper, of generous and sensitive natures. The youthful pair found this to be the fact; and for the few days in which they enjoyed the attentions of the *bourgeois*, they felt that portion of happiness which, if it could not be called an addition to their own most happy state, was, however, of that nature, that, like the silver-setting of the diamond, improved its lustre. Roland had set out for the regiment a few days after he had placed Gray in his quarters; and had taken Canterbury along with him; not without first exhibiting him in high condition to his rejoicing master, who, to see the worthy charger, that had borne him so well in the fight and carried his wounded body from the field, had arisen from his

bed, and tottered to the window. 'The bold haunched and high crested bay reared up before him, almost as if he were conscious of his master's presence, and gave the side step to the door, as if he had desired to trot up stairs. Whether Canterbury did absolutely recognise his master, and feel these equine sensations, we cannot positively say, but shall leave the question to the critical zoologist. Certain it is, that horses have exhibited remarkable attachments to their masters, and have also displayed that attachment by extraordinary expression.

Lewy Gray and his wife having taken leave of their hospitable entertainer and his family, (on which occasion sundry sweet and silken presents from the good woman of the house accompanied them), proceeded by the *Diligence* to the head-quarters of the corps, then cantoned near Paris. Their way lay through the field of the late terrible contest, affording to their minds objects for awful reflection. To Ellen the scene of desolation conveyed a sudden and a vivid horror that had well nigh overcome her feelings. To Gray's it exhibited a melancholy page of remembrance,

only cheered by the knowledge of the glorious results which attended the carnage of the memorable battle. Although but two brief months had passed since it had taken place, the havock of death was yet to be seen ; the light earth, which in haste had been thrown over the numberless heaps of dead, was gone, and had left exposed to the view the mouldering muscles of the brave ; for two miles extent, the fields of corn appeared a beaten ground, with not a stem standing ; broken arms, and caps, and helmets, and belts were everywhere visible. Fragments of cloth, both red and blue, told the end of gay and gallant thousands ; cockades, black and tricolor, were kicked together by the feet of the passing peasant ; the deep furroughs of the cannon traced for the eye the routes of destruction ; tree, bush, hedge, grass, road, and ditch, displayed the strongest evidence of the scathe of Waterloo : and even the air was yet unloaded of the carnal odour which the feast of death had exhaled : nor were the streams yet cleared of the blood that had discoloured them. Gray surveyed the field with deep interest, while Ellen turned from

it to look upon him ; and as he, in his imagination, silently retraced the terrible scenes of the mighty combat, she was thanking Heaven that her beloved husband had been spared to her.

The *Diligence* brought them to the village in which the regiment was cantoned, situated at the distance of eight or ten miles from Paris. As they alighted, the men flocked around them ; some were seen running from their stables ; others from their quarters, without their shakoes or jackets, and “ Gentleman Gray ” resounded throughout the various groups. The hearty shake of the hand passed from all to him, which, with the smile of welcome from the regimental women in their windows, shewed how well-beloved and how much admired was the gallant and heroic young soldier. The colonel himself, on hearing of his arrival, sent for him, and, together with most of the officers, assured him of the approbation which his gallantry in the battle had met from all, informing him at the same time that he had been appointed to the post of sergeant, as a test of the good opinion entertained of his conduct by the commanding officer. The

reward of his merit was received by Gray with scarcely less pleasure than were his respectful, modest, concise, yet eloquent thanks, by the officers. All felt a delight at seeing the deserving soldier promoted, which was much heightened by the grateful, manly, and impressive manner in which he received it.

And were all these elevated and worthy feelings to be blighted—to be flung upon the winds as worse than nothing? Were the best virtues of the officer, and the most valuable exertions of the brave soldier, to be thrown away—cast from their country, as useless to her? Were the opening flowers of military talent, that would crown the brows of the young hero, shed lustre on his profession, and cheer the eyes of the people whom he served, to be trampled under the foot of a worthless individual?—Alas! the tooth of the rat may cause a ship to sink, and the fairest buds of nature are often ruined by the insect.

The increase to Gray's pay, consequent on his promotion, together with the daily sum allowed by the French government instead of rations, enabled him to live very comfortably, and to provide respectably for his wife. The season pleasant—pro-

visions cheap—French gaiety around—war gone by—and victorious peace spreading her wings—joy was every where; but most of all with this happy couple.

The persevering Theobald Ramsay Develin, since Ellen's return to the regiment, had become more and more bent on her seduction. Confident from finding that his previous attempts were yet unrevealed to Gray; more anxious for the possession of her from the opposition he had met with; and still vainer than ever of the power which he fancied his rank and personal attractions possessed over Ellen's, as well as all other women's minds, he let not a day pass without in some way or other advancing the operations of his amatory siege. Phil Poynter, the captain's man, was the outpost sentinel, who was charged to watch every movement of Mrs. Gray, and to signal it to his anxious master. She could never go out but this watchful dog lifted his leg to set the game, and the poacher was sure to come up in proper time. Gray's home was visited by Theobald, on the pretences of duty—always when the former was absent; but so repulsively, yet politely, were his visits and im-

portunities received by the virtuous wife, that, while this conduct secured her, it served but to inflame the other's vicious passions. The only thing on earth now that disturbed Ellen's happiness was the unrelaxing persecution of this abominable rake. Forced by her reason to conceal his baseness, and thus increase his audacity, was a bitter reflection; yet, if it were ten times more so, she would have borne all for the sake of her husband. Her imagination strongly represented to her the evil consequences of informing Gray of the captain's persecutions; she even congratulated herself on not having mentioned the matter at Norwich, believing that had she done so the promotion which her husband had since attained would have been prevented through the resentment of Develin. Strict and attentive as Gray might be in his duty, still an officer evilly-disposed could injure him—thwart, insult, and even falsely punish him, should the villainy of his heart dictate it; and Develin's, she felt convinced, was capable of such atrocious revenge; he had even hinted at it, by way of threat, to Ellen herself. She adopted every means in her power to avoid him, but nothing could stop the current of his base energies.

Several of the men one evening had assembled in a *cabaret*, and were rationally enjoying their glass: Roland was one of the party. In the latter part of the evening Phil Poynter intruded himself upon them: the impudence with which his favour with the captain had imbued him was the cause of this intrusion, and, as far as the majority of the company felt, the fact of his being in the service of their officer procured the toleration of his society. The glass went freely round, and the pleasant wine of France began to operate gently on the mental faculties of the party, one of the effects of which was a considerable increase of speech, and another a vast freedom of opinion.

“ You may talk as you like, Master Roland,” said one of the soldiers, “ but our horses were too light for the hard work of the day. Didn’t you see how they reeled when the red lancers charged?”

“ The horses reeled, certainly,” replied Roland; “ but it wasn’t until some hard knocks were given on both sides that the lancers broke through. The ground was rather rough too, just before we came up, and that checked us a little. It is all nonsense to talk of light horses; our horses are not light—

it was the fortune of war that we couldn't make an impression—surely we must sometimes meet a reverse; otherwise the enemy wouldn't be worth fighting against. All that can be said of the matter is, that we sometimes get drubbed a little, and then we drub the drubbers three times for it."

"The heavy dragoons got some hard knocks, too," cried another; "but as you say, Roland, they gave back three for one."

"The truth is," resumed Roland, "it was a hard and well-fought battle on the part of the French. I never saw better men, nor better fighting; nor do I believe better ever was than the enemy displayed. Why, I saw them rush on the very points of thousands of bayonets, and also into the cannon's mouth. Let us never seriously talk of the inferiority of the French after Waterloo—they are brave, glorious fellows; all we ought to say, and proud I am to say it, is, that we beat them—that's enough."

"Bravo!" from all.

"We beat them," cried one; "but, d—n me,

honour the brave. I'll give you a toast, lads—here's God rest the souls of the enemy !” ‘

There was no equivocation in the toast, it was meant purely as an offering from the generous but half-dissolved heart of the toaster. The sentiment silenced the group for a few moments, and all really seemed as if their hearts were asserting their strength over their wine. It not only *seemed*, but *was*—they had all seen the brave fight and fall around them—the recollection was vivid in their minds ; and where is the British heart that would refuse to sympathize with such a sentiment as the toast conveyed, when considered relatively to the gallant enemy opposed and conquered at Waterloo ?

“ They fought well, and perhaps as well as we did,” observed Roland ; “ the lucky arrival of the Prussians settled the matter, or perhaps it would have been only a drawn battle, or, rather, we should have been only able to have held our position ; and, although it would have been still a victory, yet we should have had another day or two's fighting before we could have pushed back the French.”

“ Ay, ay! old Blucher for ever! he was in at the death, like a jolly old huntsman as he is,” cried another; and then toasted the general he so eulogized; which toast was drank “ with acclamation” by the party.

“ But, talk of Blucher’s, and talk of brave fighting,” muttered out a dragoon, who had been apparently abstracted from the former conversation; “ talk of good soldiers—did you see Gentleman Gray when the Earl of Uxbridge led us on—did you see him rattling away right and left?—he’s the boy, after all.”

“ Ay,” said Roland, “ a braver young fellow never stepped; he is now a sergeant; I saw him take the first shilling, and I hope I shall see him yet commanding a troop.”

Comments on the gallantry of Gray now freely passed from one to another, all agreeing in his worthiness, until Phil Pointer, who appeared somewhat more affected by the potent beverage than the rest, essayed a dissentient opinion upon the young sergeant’s merits.

“ Ay, ay—*Gentleman* Gray, as you call him—he’s all very well, to be sure; but you see there’s

wheels within wheels—he has got a pretty wife, and you all know how that tells for a man. I knows a thing or two. 'Tisn't for nothing I sarves the captain."

"I'll tell you what, Philip Pointer," said Roland, with a look that the latter by no means relished, "you may serve whom you like, and you may know what you may know; but mind what you *say* regarding an innocent and virtuous young woman. Mrs. Gray has never shewn any thing in her conduct to call forth a remark such as you have made. You are somewhat out of your bearing now—the wine is in, the wit is out—so I excuse you: but, mind, Sir—I also caution you."

"Very well—that's all very well; and you may caution me as you like—we are all very good till we are found out; but the men are to the fore—there's one—and there's another—and there's another—they know what happened at Mussalhill."

The men alluded to by Pointer all at once protested against any improper allusions to their names. Pointer continued:—

"Don't tell me; didn't you all come up

just as the captain bolted. He was a-walking with her, all alone, and snug and comfortable, on the heath, you know—nobody there—eh! Ay, and he hasn't been backward in walking with her many a time since: I knows a thing or two."

"Silence! you lying scoundrel," cried Roland, in a paroxysm of indignation at the slander thrown upon his friend's wife. Pointer arose from his seat, and feeling confident that the table, which stood between him and his adversary, secured him from immediate punishment, he elevated his voice, and continued his foul and malicious strain of language.

"What, Master Roland, you are a favourite too, are you? I suppose you will fight about her; but I care no more for you than for her, or her *Gentleman* Gray, as you call him. I'm a man, Sir, and I'm ready to meet you or any other. Ask these men*—Comrades, have you not seen her on the heath?"

"Yes," replied one, "we did; we came up just as an officer was running away from her—that's all we saw—no harm; and as for Mrs. Gray, I believe

her as honest as any other woman in the troop, or in the regiment."

"Honest—ay—so she is," sneeringly observed Pointer; "many a time I have had a look-out for her—Mrs. Hontherdonk is honest too, as times go—the captain is no fool—but Gray is made a sergeant, and that puts matters right, you know."

"Comrades," exclaimed Roland, "speak your minds before this fellow, and save the innocent woman from his aspersions. Did you ever represent the affair of the heath in any other light than you have now mentioned?"

"Never," the three replied.

"Well," interrupted Pointer; "but have you never heard the business talked about in the regiment since?"

"We have," said one of the soldiers; "but stories are often misrepresented. We heard lies enough."

"Hear that, Pointer," cried Roland "the men themselves say that they saw nothing improper on the part of Mrs. Gray—so, unsay what you have said—acknowledge that you have spoken wrongfully of her, or take that sabre

and defend yourself; for, by Heaven, I'll try to cleave you down to the root of your lying tongue!"

"I'll neither unsay what I have said, nor take that sabre in my hand; so just sit down, Master Fight-all."

"Then you are not only a vile slanderer, but a viler coward," returned the warm-hearted Roland.

"Talk on—talk on," exclaimed Pointer, with a sneer: "I don't chuse to trouble my head about you."

One of the party now turned towards Pointer, and addressed him thus:—

"I have been many years in the regiment; I love it, and I'm d—d if I like to see a white feather in its tail: so, Pointer, turn out! You have received a fair challenge; either fight, or withdraw what you have said of Mrs. Gray."

Every voice was now turned against Pointer; still he remained in his seat.

"I'll neither do one thing nor the other," cried he, sneeringly.

"You are a disgrace to the corps," said Roland,

approaching him, at the same time unbuckling his sabre, and throwing it on a chair; "you are a coward," continued he, "of the basest order, and unfit to remain amongst us—so leave the room, or I'll thrust you from it as I would an inoffensive cur dog."

"And I'll assist you," said one of the soldiers.

Pointer refused to obey; on which his comrades unanimously seized him, and having dragged him to the door, pushed him forth into the street. The expelled ruffian, with an impotent threat, departed. However, he soon returned, accompanied by Sergeant Hontherdonk and the guard. He had fabricated a charge against the party; and the troop sergeant-major, by the especial order of Captain Theobald Ramsay Develin, came to arrest them. Pointer had charged them with having beaten him severely.

The men, who appeared evidently in no state of excitement, now defended themselves to the sergeant-major, and told the circumstances of the case as they had actually occurred. The slanders

which Pointer had dealt out on Mrs. Gray's character were mentioned—the challenge also—and the expulsion of the fellow was honestly acknowledged. However, although the sergeant-major began to believe the statement of Roland and his party to be correct, he felt it his duty to take the whole to the guard-house. The charge had been so strongly made, that the captain had given the most positive orders to arrest all.

They were accordingly taken to the guard-house, and there, before new ears, the circumstances of the quarrel were recapitulated, to the violence of Mrs. Gray's character, and the mortification of Roland's feelings. The captain himself very soon appeared in the guard-house, and then, again, was the detail of the quarrel canvassed. Develin, however, instead of supporting his servant, turned round unexpectedly, showered on him a torrent of abuse, and confined him in the black-hole for being drunk and riotous, while he liberated the other men. This conduct on the part of the captain, though wholly unexpected by the prisoners, was nevertheless perfectly consistent in him; he by no means either wished or liked the subject

of the quarrel; it was wormwood to him; and to quash it was his most desirable object.

Would it had been quashed! Would it had been sunk in oblivion! But the natural course of human feelings forbade it. So balanced is the scale of sublunary events, that the best intentions are often attended with the worst results; and the worst actions as frequently produce unexpected good. Roland had never, until that night, heard a breath of evil rumour concerning his friend's wife: his whole soul was set on fire by it—his generous nature could not stop to reflect—he at once sought out Gray, whom he found in his quarters; and having intimated to him that he wished to have a private conversation with him on an important affair, at his desire, both walked out from the village together. Roland then detailed every circumstance of the quarrel, and repeated to him the offensive words which Pointer had made use of.

Heavens! what a blow to the heart of the husband! what a shock—what an earthquake did it produce in the little world of his happiness! Yet he did not exhibit much exterior evidence of the

terrible emotion within his breast. Roland could see by the twilight the change in his countenance—the quivering of his lip—the repeated flushing and paleness of his cheek; he could observe the flashing of his shaded eye—the tremulousness and inequality of his steps; he could hear the sound of his struggling sighs, and the broken words that fell from his tongue in murmurs—but no more: there was no violence of language—no vows of revenge—no bitter upbraiding against his wrongers; yet there was a peculiarity in the manner of Gray, that assured Roland of a manly determination in the mind of his friend, that would avail itself of all its strength in the work of retribution. They were not long together before Gray expressed his anxiety to return; and having thanked from his heart his generous comrade, they parted.

Ellen was seated at her little supper table, which she had just covered with an humble repast of French grapes, French bread, and French wine, with some sweetmeats, presented to her on leaving Brussels by the good lady at whose house she had been so hospitably entertained while in that

city. She was thus awaiting her husband, and indulging her thoughts of future happiness, when he returned. His aspect terrified her—she ran to him, and, looking affectionately into his face, inquired what had happened to him—why was he so agitated—why so pale? He did not reply—but took her hand—gazed a moment attentively at her face—smiled—kissed her forehead—and, still silent, led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her.

“ Good Heaven! Lewy! what is the matter with you?” said the alarmed wife.

“ Ellen, I am unhappy,” replied Gray, sighing as if his heart were breaking: then looking earnestly at her, he said, “ Are *you* happy?”

“ Happy! Yes, Lewy,” returned Ellen, “ except by reason of your unhappiness. What has occurred to disturb you?—Tell me—tell me, my dear Lewy.”

“ If you have been happy—if you have not felt a painful thought since our marriage, except on account of my unhappiness,” said Gray, “ I can have but little to communicate to you on my present state.”

“ Oh, yes, I have been happy beyond measure, with you ; think you I could be otherwise ? But why this obscurity ?—Tell me all you think and feel. What is the matter with you ? ”

“ Ellen, am I worthy your confidence ? ”

“ Can there be any thing concerning your wife, Lewy, that you are not worthy of ? Why speak to me so ? ”

“ Tell me, Ellen,” said Gray, grasping her trembling hand, “ tell me have you ever walked over the heath, at Norwich, after the sun had gone down ? ”

The question was to the mind of Ellen what Roland’s account of the quarrel had been to Gray ; but there was no repressed struggles in *her* breast ; her whole soul flew out before him.

“ Yes—yes ! I have—I have ! ” exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears, and clasping his hand between both of her’s. “ I have been there, Lewy ; but it was not my fault ; I was entrapped, insulted—brutally insulted. I would have told you of the occurrence, but that I feared *you* might suffer by it.—O, forgive me, Lewy—forgive me ! ”

She sobbed aloud, and fell on his breast, as if

she would press her tears upon his heart, to quench the fires she felt were raging there. The affectionate husband pressed her closer and closer still, and kissed her burning forehead.

“Forgive thee, Ellen!” he cried; “forgive *thee*, my angel!—my life!—myself!—my every thing! for what?—I know it all: and you have borne it all for me. You were unhappy, that I might not be so.—Bless thee, Ellen!”

His feelings overcame him; his tears silently mingled with hers, and the trembling pair remained clasped in each other’s arms till their agitated sympathies became tranquil.

They were now, if possible, more firmly united in the purest affection, than ever.

CHAPTER XII.

O! How my strong revenge with duty warred,
As doth the fierce wind with the furnace-flame :
So linked was I,
That if he fell, then fell my greatness too.
Forced thus to feed the fire that wasted me,
I looked, and longed, and hated.

FROM the hour that Lewy Gray had heard of the persecution which his adored wife had suffered, he became altered both in conduct and appearance—the whole man was changed at a blow—silent, thoughtful, gloomy, careless in his dress, and often inattentive to his duty. The officers, as well as the men, could not but remark in one who was ever the even, cheerful, active and attentive dragoon, this extraordinary alteration. He, who was ever first at “stables,” was

now usually late. The erect, and martial, and proudly conscious spirit which was wont to animate the soldier was gone ; and the men with surprise beheld him, irregular in his step, melancholy in countenance, and mentally abstracted from the duty he was performing. The neat undress cap, that had given, by its tasteful position, a striking spirit to his fine figure, was now pressed down upon his brows—the sash, that had marked the symmetry of his waist, carelessly tied—his sword-scabbard, that had shone with the brightness of burnished silver, now caused the remark of disapprobation from the commanding-officer of the parade ;—in short, one sad, bitter, and burning thought spread its vampire wings over his brain, and absorbed every other. Had he not been a soldier—had he not been bound by military law to patience and submission to the will of his officers, he would have relieved his aching spirit, by the exercise of that just resentment upon the insulter of his wife, which, as a man, was his right ; but situated as he was, a complaint of grievance to the colonel, much as that officer might feel disposed to protect him, would be of as little use as personal

resentment would be destructive. Yet what mind, like Gray's, could tamely bear such treatment? He was a gentleman, a refined gentleman, bred up in hopes as full and florid as those which might have shone on Develin. His feelings were acute; and his mind was ardent—the pride of honour glowed in his breast, and the most genuine passion for his amiable and beautiful wife engrossed his whole heart. He had signaled himself for bravery in the field, and had received, in his promotion, a token of his superior's approbation; and now, in the fulness, and brightness of honest self-approval, he all at once finds his name coupled with slander, the most painful to a sensitive mind—bandied about from tongue to tongue in whispers and jeers—his wife's fair name abused and made the subject of a public brawl—her pure and virtuous beauty sneered at, as the price of his own well-earned promotion! Could these reflections pass through a youthful, noble, and fiery brain like that of Gray's, without unnerving it? Many, situated as he was, would have fallen with rage—many sunk into insanity. With Gray, however, that self-protecting principle

in our nature, revenge, arose like a giant within him, and claimed the sovereignty of all the lesser attributes of his mind. The moralist may say, in the placidity of his own security, that he was wrong in yielding to the dangerous passion—that religion and the desire for animal comfort, should have outweighed it, and that that compound attribute of mental action, prudence, would have been his best guide under the circumstances; but let him reflect, that Gray's mind was that of a gallant soldier, formed for enterprise—bold and brave; let him then consult the book of human nature, and he will find that one of the indispensable elements of such a mind is honest revenge. Of this fact he may have illustration amongst the very few truths displayed in the science of phrenology, should he be blind to it in the moral history of man. Had Gray been unattached to life by the ties of matrimony, there can scarcely be a doubt of the immediate results; he would have yielded to the first impulse produced by the maddening information he had received from his friend Roland, and have sacrificed the disturber of his peace at once; but the

love he bore to his Ellen was the counterpoise to rage, and the incentive to reason ; however, a slower and firmer passion was produced by it—revenge ; this could never die in him, and to it he clung secretly, calmly ; but he was firm and immutable. Could he have avoided this dangerous resource, it would have been better ; but this was impossible ; nature and circumstances had organized him for the full operation of the passion, and left it not in his power to avert its influence.

Although the change in Gray's manners became so evident to his comrades, they were unaltered towards his beloved Ellen ; his tenderness and affection for her knew no abatement—the fire was within his bosom, but it could not be seen by her—the melancholy which had seized upon his heart, always fled at her presence, and she began to feel happy in the confession which she had made to him of Develin's conduct ; the weight of concealment had been removed by it from her mind, and she trusted that, with it, had passed all evil consequences. Alas ! the weight had only left her heart to fix upon that of her husband !

It happened—whether by contrivance on the

part of Develin, or by the casualties of duty, that that officer departed from the head-quarters of the regiment, on the day subsequent to the quarrel at the cabaret, in which his servant was involved. Had it not been so, it is impossible to say what might have been the consequence, when he and the injured soldier should have met. Poynter was liberated after a night's confinement, by his master's direction, upon which Serjeant-Major Hontherdonk, in his own clumsy way, endeavoured to shew Gray that his captain was a very just, kind, and considerate officer, in thus punishing his own servant for his intemperate conduct; hinting that officers will be gay, and that when soldiers have pretty wives, they must expect them to be admired—mentioning his own wife as an example, and himself as one who, if he had cared about such things, should never have been serjeant-major of the troop; to which, however, Gray did not condescend even a reply.

The affair was talked of amongst the soldiers, but Gray's feelings were not outraged by those remarks. He had feared such a consequence, and, therefore, withdrew himself from the presence of the men, as much as possible, except on occasions

of duty. Roland was his only companion, and to him he conversed on the subject; yet with such temperance, as led his friend to hope that the matter had not seriously affected his mind. There was too much pride in Gray to speak his sentiments on this bitter subject freely to any. He buried the poison deeply in his heart; and, except in the negligence of his dress, and reserve of his conduct, displayed little that even Roland could construe into a dangerous effect from the discovery which he had been the instrument in making to him.

Captain Develin returned to head-quarters, after ten or twelve days' absence. His first act was to inquire of Poynter all the news concerning the affair which the latter's intemperance had given rise to. His object was to find out whether Lewy Gray really believed the story of the heath, or not; and also, whether it had made any positive impression on him or on his wife. His ready servant at once assured him that all had been blown over, and that he had heard nothing whatever about the matter since he had been released from confinement. Develin, at this, felt highly pleased; and having admonished Poynter on the subject of his late

conduct, and given him half a crown, desired him to be more cautious in future how he should give freedom to his tongue.

Develin now became perfectly easy, relieved from the few qualms he had felt at the apprehension that Gray might become acquainted with his conduct towards his wife. Finding that no demonstration of such existed, he naturally enough supposed that Mrs. Gray still kept it a secret from her husband, and, therefore, inferred that the ground was yet fair for his hopes. His passion for Ellen had become even more violent ; for, unaccustomed as he had been to obstacles in his amours, he could bear opposition from what he termed “ a mere soldier,” with but little temperance. He renewed his operations, but with more caution than before. Poynter was sent again upon the watch for opportunities with which to acquaint his master ; and the captain himself occasionally ventured to pass the quarter in which Ellen resided, when he was certain of her husband’s absence : but neither he nor his trusty servant succeeded in catching a glimpse of her. Ellen had prudently resolved to guard against

such a possibility, as the only security in her painful situation. Lewy Gray, on his part, scrupulously avoided contact with the captain, conscious that his temper, in the presence of that officer, could not be controlled; however, this caution served but to allay, in Develin's mind, any remaining fears he might have had, regarding Gray's suspicions of his conduct.

It happened, but a few days after the captain's return to head-quarters, that Lewy Gray was ordered suddenly on detached duty; he was to proceed to Paris, and it was expected that he would be absent for several days. The order was made known to him at eight o'clock in the evening, that he should march at nine. Accordingly, having taken leave of Ellen, he mounted his horse, and proceeded with the detachment. It was a fine summer's night, although the gathering clouds had rendered it darker than might have been expected for the time of the year. Gray had not gone quite through the village, when a female, whose face was concealed, and whose figure was wrapt in a capacious Flenish cloak, approached him. He was riding in the rear of the men, and she therefore was unobserved by any

but him, with whom she wanted to communicate. She held forth her hand, addressing him at the same time.

“Sergeant,” said she, in a low and disguised voice, “dismount, and read this letter.”

Gray halted, surveyed the stranger, as well as the gloom permitted, and then inquired who she was, and from whom was the letter; at the same time turning his horse’s head round towards her.

“The letter is from a friend,” replied the stranger; “and it is of the greatest consequence to you—take it.”

Gray took the letter—on which she emphatically said, “read it *now*,” and then hurried away.

The manner of the woman—her hurry and agitation, excited his astonishment and curiosity. He determined to read the letter. The detachment, was now about two hundred yards before him on the road: he knew that he could very soon overtake the men, and consequently, he determined to do as the stranger had requested. There was a wine-house at a little distance onward, and he rode to it at once, dismounted at the door, and by the light which was shining from within, was enabled to read at the

threshold, the following rude couplet, which was all that the letter contained :—

“ Go back to your wife, young sergeant Gray,
And there you will find a gallant so gay.”

There was not a muscle in the frame of the husband that did not quiver as he read the words ; but this effect was momentary ; it gave way to the most energetic impulse—his teeth and hands became clenched—his eyes distorted—his limbs fixed and inflexible as iron. Motionless he stood for a few moments—the current of his blood seemed stopped. But it soon flowed like a torrent through his veins—hot—burning—it carried fire into his brain. He mounted his horse, and spurred on in the direction which the stranger who had given him the letter had gone ; but his hopes of coming up with her soon vanished. He halted—he reflected that he was now quitting his post ; the detachment was proceeding at a trot, and leaving him behind ; he was committing a dreadful breach of duty ; he could yet overtake his comrades—yet the letter ! Could his Ellen deceive him ? Was she to be the victim of the brutal Develin ? Was the

letter false? Was it true?—"O, God!" he exclaimed, as these flashes of anxious thought passed through his burning brain; and he then threw his head upon the neck of his horse, in the bitterest anguish, torn between the conflicting ideas that he must either disgrace himself, by a gross breach of duty, if he should return to his quarters, or, if not, that his Ellen should, perhaps, be defenceless against a villain's attacks. It might be so. He could not gainsay it, unless he could prove the fact by returning. It might be still worse—*she* might deceive him; but, no—this was only a passing thought; yet, although disencouraged by him, and rejected as it came, nevertheless, it did come.

A few moments decided him in his mode of proceeding. Strong as his love of duty was, it was overwhelmed by his love for Ellen. He at once gave the rein to Canterbury, and directed his way back to his quarters.

He was now for the first time a delinquent—he was committing a crime in leaving his post, in the moment when urgent duty demanded his attention. He was now for the first time, as a consequence of that crime, obliged to have recourse to

mean art and double dealing. He was now for the first time feeling the pangs that such conduct gives to an honest mind. Should he be observed by any of the officers, his fair name in the regiment must of course be blighted; he must be placed in arrest, tried by court-martial, and degraded from his well-earned promotion. To avoid these consequences, the miserable young soldier, when he was approaching near to that part of the village where the chance of his being discovered by his officers was great, dismounted, entered a shed belonging to a peasant, and secured his horse by the bridle to a beam. Having done this, he took his loaded carbine in his hand, buckled his sword up tight to his waist-belt, and proceeded by a circuitous route to the back part of the house in which was his Ellen, and arrived there unobserved.

There was an open space of ground in the rear of this house, and he could from thence see the light in the windows of his quarter, which was situated on the ground-floor; a white curtain concealed the interior of the room, but through this curtain, he plainly descried the darkly shaded

outline of a man in military uniform, which, on closer examination, he felt convinced was that of Captain Develin. The figure disappeared for a moment—Gray gazed with the intensity of a lynx, while his heart beat against the interior of his breast as if it would burst its way out, and cold drops rolled off his forehead. He hears a shriek—it is the voice of his wife—the curtain is torn, and the sash is thrown open—Ellen rushes from the window into the arms of her agonized husband. She is motionless—her cold lip pressing to his cheek. Her firm and death-like grasp upon his neck, told him that she had recognized him ere her senses had flown, and the affectionate embrace which his arms returned, although unfelt by her, was the evidence alike of her security, and the banishment of all suspicion of her faith from his mind. “Villain! villain!” was all the tortured husband could say; but the word was heard, and he to whom it was applied fled at the sound.

The old woman of the house and her daughter, who resided at a distant part of the building, now alarmed at the screams they had heard, appeared with lights, and Gray at once,

by their assistance, placed his apparently lifeless Ellen on her bed. At first, he feared that the vital spark had flown; but a few moments happily shewed that she had only sunk overwhelmed by her terrors and the feelings excited by her unexpected rescue.

It is needless to dwell upon the scene which followed—it is enough to say, that the individual from whose brutality Ellen had escaped, was Develin. He had come, heated with wine, and secure, as he had thought himself, from the interruption of Gray, to the unprotected object of his evil passion. He invaded her domestic peace by virtue of his authority: she was alone; but Providence watched for her safety, and protected her.

The young soldier having placed his wife in the care of the two inmates of the house, took an opportunity of retiring. Almost frantic, but silent, he hastened to seek out the marauder of his heart, armed with his loaded carbine, and the tried sword that had contributed to the victory of Waterloo. He was not long in finding him. He knew that Develin would, in all probability, return to the mess-room, from which no doubt he had

come in his infamous intention. This turned out to be the fact; the officers had remained in conviviality longer than usual, having a considerable number of guests to dinner. In consequence of the season's warmth, the windows of the mess-room were left unclosed, and Gray having placed himself in the garden, on which they opened, beheld, from behind a mesh of leafy branches, his officers and their guests seated at table. Full in front of him sat the object of his rage, the infamous Develin; his broad breast before him, sparkling with embroidered silver, and apparently unaffected by the scene in which he had so lately been the treacherous actor. The sight increased the fever of the injured husband's brain; he approached the window, secure from observation; where Develin sat was all light, where Gray stood all darkness. The wild laugh of dissipation was on the face of the one—the terrible contortions of revenge upon the other. Retribution was now in the hands of Gray,—its lightning ready to scathe the villain in the warm halo of his pleasures, and in his fancied security. Gray had but one thought—he raised his carbine, rested it on the arm of a small tree

which was near the window, ready for its mark of death. He is within ten yards of the object of his revenge—the barrel of the carbine is levelled at his breast—Gray moves his foot to give his position more security—he stoops his head to the gun—his eye is about to cover his mark—the heart, the unworthy heart of Develin. Of little avail is the embroidery in which it is cased, against the bullet which the finger of Gray is about to speed home to its centre. The only safety for the libertine is in the heart of him whom he has so injured—and in that heart the safety was; for while Gray was placing his eye to the carbine, the Waterloo medal which hung from his breast glistened beneath the gun, and attracted his glance. He paused, fixed his eyes upon the reward of his merit, his bravery, and soldierly worth—it was a talisman that awakened all his nobler sentiments—the powerful influence spread upon him: he threw down the carbine, placed his hand on his agonized forehead, and, with a heart-breaking sigh, and a shudder, exclaimed, “Oh! God, the winner of this medal should not stain it with murder.”

Poor Gray! this glorious virtue of your heart

was more torturing than the terrible impulses which had just subsided in it—more bitter—more appalling to it. There was a tide, violent as it was, that had borne you on ; with it you had floated in the surf and the spray and the lashing of its brine, but you were then unconscious of the danger around you—now you are awakened by the rock against which you have been dashed, and to which unconsciously you cling—the miseries of your situation are vividly before you !

The wretched young man stood statue-like, staring wildly and sightlessly. He had been on the point of committing murder—the thought sunk into his soul, and left him shuddering, horror-stricken, writhing under the mighty weight of his own genuine nature, which had with giant energy freed itself from the paralysing grasp of an evil passion. He threw himself upon the damp grass, wholly overcome—and the firm soldier was dissolved into a flood of tears.

For a considerable time he lay as it were entranced ; at length he was awakened into strength by the loud laugh of his heartless wronger. He started up, looked again into the light, caught from

it the spark that again inflamed his anger and revenge—Develin was standing at the table, before him, his shaco in one hand, and his glass in the other. He was evidently about to retire, and Gray heard him give the parting toast.—“ He comes,” thought he, “ and will pass across the field.”

The carbine was at the soldier's feet ; he seized it, and fled to post himself in the path by which he expected the captain to pass from the mess-room to his quarters. There, in the centre, stood he, awaiting the arrival of him whom he thirsted to grapple with. The night was growing still darker, yet there was a sufficiency of dim light to enable Gray to observe Develin's approach. He enters the field ; the soldier's muscles are firm, and his lip, but not his eye, smiles at the approach of the embroidered villain. He opens the pan of his carbine—throws the powder from it—extricates the flint from the jaws of the hammer, and flings the weapon on the ground. The object of his just hatred is within a few yards of him ; and perceiving Gray, he cried out, in the voice of conscious authority,

“ Who's there ? ”

“ A man ! ” was the reply.

The voice was instantly recognised by Develin. He stopped suddenly, and guilt and fear trembled in his words, as he inquired why the sergeant was not at his duty with his detachment?

“My duty to my innocent and insulted wife is the cause;” returned Gray, advancing steadily towards Develin, who now trembled as if the hand of retributive death was upon him. “Villain,” continued Gray, “we are now on equal footing; Heaven only sees us; you have injured—deeply injured one whose claims to the honour of a soldier and the feelings of a man, are at least as strong as your’s.”

“Would you assassinate me, then?” cried Develin, in an agitated voice.

“No!” replied Gray; “although you, in attempting to murder my peace, have deserved such vengeance. I might have killed you while you sat before your wine. There lies my carbine deprived of its flint—your sword hangs by your side—mine is in my hand, and it goes not back into the scabbard, from which I now take it, until it shall have vindicated my wounded feelings. Draw, Sir! and defend yourself, for I’ll strike at your heart.”

Gray's 'sabre flashed before the confused sight of the captain, who now moved instinctively back a few steps from his desperate antagonist.

“Draw, villain!” repeated Gray, with increased energy of voice, and a menace that, by producing despair in the other, had the effect of rousing him to defence,—he drew his sword.

Both are in a moment desperately opposed. Each master of his weapon, they fight with skill; the one with the energy and rage of just resentment and determined vengeance—the other with the power of despair. The fire from their blades occasionally discloses the furious countenances of the combatants to each other—blood is on both. There can be no pause till one of them fall, save the awful pause which equal skill commands. Almost exhausted, they continue a terrible fight for a quarter of an hour—they fall together in the close grapple of mortal strife, and arise to renew with their reeking swords the combat. At length the blade of Gray falls with a well directed strength and aim upon the neck of Develin, which brings him, groaning, to the ground.

The victor stood gazing a moment on his prostrate foe, then raising his arms above his head, he cried—

“ Ellen, you are avenged ! ”

Unhappy consequence !—unhappy cause that had produced it ! The clashing of the swords had alarmed some persons within hearing : the guard were called out, and arrived at the sanguinary scene in time only to behold the officer’s life’s blood ebbing fast away, and to arrest Gray with the weapon, wet with it, in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

For many a long night
I've thought of my theme of sadness ;
For many a long night
I've looked for the morn of gladness ;
But colder and darker my hours have grown .
Still hope remains unblest ;
And there's not in the wide world a spot
But the grave to rest.

THE alarm about the sanguinary conflict, which spread through the regiment on the morning after Gray was arrested, could only be equalled in intensity to the astonishment excited by the knowledge, that he whom they so respected, and who was so remarkable for strict attention to duty, could desert his detachment, and thus assault his own captain, with the intent, as all now believed, of murdering him ; for this opinion was spread abroad : it was occasioned by nothing less than Captain Develin's own

declaration. When he had somewhat recovered from the effects of his wounds—for the blow that had decided the combat was not fatal—he at once charged Gray with attempting to assassinate him, carefully concealing both the cause of the attack as well as the brave manner in which his assailant had challenged him to it.

Gray was now, of course, the object of execration; but when his own story became known, that feeling was changed into pity. The character of the captain and that of the unfortunate serjeant, were well appreciated by all, and furnished strong presumptive evidence of the truth. And when the now half-frantic wife of the prisoner, praying, weeping, almost broken-hearted, told her unhappy tale at the feet of the commanding officer, little doubt, indeed, existed in his mind of the true state of the case. Poor Ellen!—in every broken word that fell from her lips—in every tear that rolled down her lovely cheek, there was an eloquent and genuine evidence—at least, of the cause that had produced the lamentable event, which now affected her ill-fated husband's life. The courage, bravery, honour, and gentleness, so well known to be attributes of Gray's

nature, were a proof of little less strength in establishing a belief of his own statement as to the manner in which he had attacked his captain. But what avails moral justification, where the articles of war are so infringed as in Gray's case? The stern necessity of strict subordination demands a scrupulous exaction of submission to orders, and of forbearance with the irritations often inflicted by command. What in civic life would be justified and supported, will in many military cases demand a penal severity. It was so with Gray; he had left his post clandestinely, and had attacked his officer; these acts could not be qualified, and he must abide by the sentence of a court martial.

When any violent passion ceases to rage through its mental domain, it leaves, like an invading tyrant, a melancholy waste behind—the mark of its ravage is on the heart. How deeply was this on Serjeant Gray's, when the daylight dawned for the first time upon his dreary cell, and shewed him the horrors of his situation!—the beautiful fabric of his hopes—his happiness—its fairy ornaments—its gems—its flowers;—all in ruins around him:—the enthusiastic visions of his early

fancy—the halo of his virtuous love—the brightness of the soldier's glory ;—all vanished ; and in their stead, the horrid darkness of disgrace and death !

His first inquiry, when he was arrested, was for his Ellen, who, he learned, had soon after he had left her on the previous night, recovered, and was now suffering only for his absence ; he then threw himself on the ground exhausted, silent, and almost lifeless. From this horrid trance he was awakened by the voice of his distracted wife—he flew to her convulsed bosom and breaking heart—in peace, there had been his pillow, and now it was his resource in the depth of misery. O, had there been no more of life in them than that which held their embrace at that moment—had the earth opened and buried them thus together—how happy for both would have been the immolation ! But, alas ! they were to awaken from the moment into the bitterest, the most appalling torture that the human heart could suffer.

A court martial was ordered to assemble forthwith for the trial of Gray. The circumstances of the case were impartially examined. Through indefatigable exertions of the prisoner's friend Roland,

a full and clear light was thrown on the infamous conduct of Captain Develin, which at once seemed to turn the court much in favour of the prisoner. Roland had elicited from Poynter, and from the wife of Sergeant Hontherdonk, such information as warranted him in applying to the colonel for the purpose of having them called as witnesses. Through them on the trial it appeared that both had been the instruments of the libertine captain in the persecution of the prisoner's wife—that both were privy to the transaction which had taken place on Mussul-hill, and that the sergeant-major's wife was the individual who had presented the paper containing the verses, which had awakened Gray's mind to the circumstance that caused his quitting his detachment. This latter fact, however, only left the inference, that Mrs. Hontherdonk had been led to the act of informing Gray of the presence of Develin in his quarters on the unhappy night by the worst motives, the principal of which was resentment against Ellen, for the just and proper distance which she had observed towards her ever since the affair of Mussul-hill. However, much as the court were inclined to look

favourably on the case, their course was imperative, and they consequently found the prisoner guilty of all the charges laid against him. It was clearly proved that he had deliberately left his detachment without leave ; the circumstances of his horse having been found hidden under a shed, and his carbine lying in the field near the spot where he had fought with Develin, furnished strong evidence of intention to attack, if not to murder, and left the court no alternative. The unhappy prisoner was, therefore, sentenced to suffer death.

Just as this sentence was, in a military point of view, the deepest feeling of regret and anxiety was felt by the whole regiment on its publication ; and the highest degree of disgust, hatred, and resentment excited against the libertine who had occasioned the fatal result. Officers as well as privates sympathized with the sufferings of the unfortunate young man, who was about to fall a sacrifice to those feelings which none would wish to disown as the attributes of their own natures, and all united in execrating the villain whose conduct had produced them. These kind sympathies served

much to soften the asperity of poor Gray's sentence, but was of little use in furnishing a hope of escape from the fate which that sentence had marked out for him. To the afflicted wife—O ! what could ameliorate the bitterness of *her* situation ! Overcome by the tempest of misery that so suddenly and so freely assailed her, she sunk upon the bed of sickness, with scarcely more hope of life before her than was before her unfortunate husband. A burning fever raged through her brain;—so far happy for her, inasmuch as it scorched up the consciousness of both their woes; but to him, who was destined so soon to leave her for ever—O, how heart-rending ! The sight of her—his idolized Ellen, for whom he had courted life, and for whom he was now about to die—the sound of her voice—to be near her—to know that she was with him in the hour of terrible fate;—these considerations would have nerved his heart, and have made it comparatively tranquil : but to be dragged to an unmerited death, without one farewell from her—to contemplate that the first sounds that were to fall upon her ear, when she might be enabled to understand them, should tell her of her beloved husband's death—

distracting indeed was the thought ! Álas ! it incessantly wrung the very soul of Gray, and rendered the prospect of his execution truly frightful.

The sentence of the court martial was ordered to be carred into effect, and the day was fixed. Much exertion had been made, and was still being made : but with no favourable result, and little hope. Only five days of existence remained for the condemned soldier, unless mercy should be extended to him from the highest authority. At this time a splendid carriage drove up to his prison door. It had come from Paris ; a gentleman alighted from it, and begged to be permitted to have an interview with the prisoner. The request was granted, and he was led at once into the cell of death. The pale, soul-stricken man was lying on his pallet ; he arose at the gentle request of the visitor, who now, bursting into tears, clasped the chilly hand of Lewy Gray with the warm grasp of pitying friendship. The miserable prisoner fixed his glassy eyes upon him, and faintly asked why such kind sympathy was thus shewn to him ?

PREFACE.

I do not know how it has happened, but I have conceived an abhorrence for all prefaces. Perhaps it may be that I think a book ought to be left to speak for itself. Yet, in this opinion, it is evident I am only reckoning for others; else—why do I attempt to write a preface at all? It must be so, for I confess I feel, now that I have written my book, somewhat as the nurse does, when she is about to give up her foster babe to those who are to judge of her skill and attention in its rearing up, as well as to reward her for her pains;—I would, in fact, fain say a word at parting, both for the book and for myself. It is this then:—Having passed the greatest part

of my life in the army, and having therein met many things worth remembering ; always disposed to write, and often disposed to think ; it struck me that I might fairly attempt such a composition, as, while it furnished me with an outlet for the restless effervescence of fancy, might serve to make known to others facts in military life, and marks in military character, which, having been thought worth noting by myself, might also prove the same to my readers. I have met kind, generous, brave,—glorious fellows in the army ; I have also encountered the mean, the malicious, and the cowardly. I have rejoiced in the upright, the humane, and the liberal commanding officer ; and I have grieved in the narrow-minded, the proud, the brutal, the treacherous, and the tyrannical. I have observed humble merit encouraged, and I have seen it trodden under foot. I have witnessed the severe conflict, the victory, and the defeat. I have shared the joys of military life, and have experienced some of its privations and oppressions. In short, I have seen enough to enable me to tell a tale, which, if it cannot win a Desdemona, may serve to pass a fire-side hour well enough. And

should it win the critic—should it be so fortunate as to make him doff his brow of literary austerity, to sail with it down the stream of romance, even but one hour, I shall have gained (as preface writers say), the object of my dearest wishes.

Alas ! now that I have gone so far, I find that I really cannot write a preface ; I must therefore come back to my old position, and let the book speak for itself.

*** There are in the work two slight anachronisms which the nature of the stories, it is hoped, will excuse—the one is in reference to the period at which the late Rt. Hon. John Philpot Curran held a judicial office, and the other to the time of issuing the Waterloo medal.

ERRATA.

Page 35, Vol I. line 16, for *whom*, read *who*.

36 11, for *panic*, read *terro*

146. 20, for *the*, read *she*.

“ Do you forget me, then ?” demanded the other.

Again the glance of Gray examined the features and person of the visitor, and he answered—

“ I do not recollect you ;” then added, with a sigh, “ my senses are sadly warped—I forget every thing but my misery.”

“ I am changed in circumstances since I first saw you,” returned the stranger, “ but not in my gratitude to you, except, indeed, that every succeeding hour increased it in my breast—gratitude for him whose generosity was the means of making a wretched being the happiest in the world. Look, and try if you remember Aldsworth, the recruit, whom your advice and purse restored to his family and friends. Do you forget the rendezvous house in Westminster ?”

He fell upon the shoulder of Gray, and wept aloud, while the latter’s grateful embrace silently evinced his recognition of the visitor.

“ This is kind,” said Gray, “ it is grateful to me, and I thank you from my heart, Sir.”

“ I heard of your unhappy situation while I was at Paris,” said the other, “ and lost not a moment

in coming to see you; I have spoken with your commanding-officer, and I know all. Since we first met, fortune has smiled upon me through my marriage with her to whom your kindness restored me. I possess both wealth and influence, and I am determined to use both in endeavouring to avert your expected fate. I had often longed to meet you, but I have been in the West Indies until a short time since. I came to France for my pleasure, and now I thank God that I did so; for it gives me a chance, at least, of being the means of saving my benefactor."

The light of hope broke upon the countenance of Gray, as he heard these words—he grasped the other's hand, and now, for the first time since he had learnt the sentence of his court-martial, shed tears.

The interview was not long continued—the time was short in which exertions for the saving of Gray's life could be made. The benevolent visitor had said farewell, and was quitting the door of the cell, when Gray hastily followed, and seizing his hand impressively, said—

"Should we never meet again, my friend, think

of the last request of a dying man—my wife—my wife, Sir—”

His voice became inaudible, and he struck his hand in agony against his forehead.

“No more—no more—I know what you would say,” returned the other. “While I have life she shall be protected: here on my knees to Heaven I swear it.”

“So may Heaven bless thee!” ejaculated Gray—he could speak no more. Again they embraced and parted.

The carriage, with its owner, proceeded on the road to Calais for London, followed by the silent prayers of those soldiers, who, from being about the prison, had caught a hint of the stranger’s generous intentions.

The fifth day after his departure from Gray arrived without bringing with it any communication from the kind intercessor, and the short-lived hopes which had been excited by him, became almost extinct. The execution had been ordered to take place at seven o’clock in the morning, but it was humanely delayed in order to extend the chance of a pardon, although the com-

manding officer had but little expectations of such a result. The hour of noon arrived ; the troops were under arms, and the execution of the sentence, which could no longer be delayed, was ordered. The place where it was to be consummated was in a field near the spot on which the main crime for which the prisoner was to suffer, had been committed. This place was selected, not for any particular reason except that it was furnished with a mound of earth, which would serve to stop the course of any bullets that might pass free of the victim in the fatal discharges that were to end his life. The troops marched to the ground, and formed into three sides of a hollow square. The wretched prisoner, whose misery was now at its climax, increased by disappointed hopes, appeared slowly advancing, the drums beating the dead march. He had not taken leave of his adored Ellen—had not seen her—she was unable to leave her fevered bed, and it was thought prudent not to permit him to be led into her presence. The unhappy man, habited in the undress of his regiment, and attended by two clergymen, advanced slowly but firmly to the fatal spot ; no sound was to be heard but the melancholy notes of the death

music, and the stifled sobs of the soldiers—for they were unable to repress their sorrow at the fate of their esteemed comrade. The prisoner is at the open extremity of the square—he gazes with a countenance placid, but heroic and resigned; the consolations of religion are breathed in his ear, and the reverential movement of his head acknowledges their devout impression. Twelve carbines, six of which were loaded, now were given to the party to whom had fallen the disagreeable duty of executing death upon a comrade. The prisoner places one knee upon the ground firmly—he seems to have acquired new strength—he begs his last blessing to be borne to his Ellen, and has now parted with the world. The death men stand before him, and the fatal word is about to be given, when Roland's voice is heard, and his fleet step seen approaching. He had been spared the pain of witnessing the execution of his friend through the humanity of his colonel, and had taken the precaution of placing several individuals at certain distances along the Calais road, so that he should be enabled to transmit the news of the approach of the expected reprieve, should such appear.

This precaution proved fortunate, for had it not been taken, the fatal bullets would have sped to their object several minutes before the bearer of the reprieve could have arrived at the place of execution. A loud murmur of approbation arose, as Roland, breathless, announced the approach of the individual who was expected to bear the welcome news. A few moments now passed, during which the most intense anxiety was manifested by all present. Fixed upon his knee, his hands clasped, his eyes turned towards the road, and distended with the expression of awful suspense—a carriage approaches, out of the window of which is seen waving a white handkerchief—it is cheered by all whom it passes. The generous Aldsworth is on the ground, and having presented a dispatch to the commanding officer, he flies to his kneeling friend, exclaiming, “ You are saved! You are saved!” and seized his outstretched hand—it was cold—it returned not the grasp of friendship, for the sufferer was overcome with struggles which he had borne, and now sunk to the earth apparently lifeless. A shower of blessings and grateful words fell from all parts of the ranks, upon the deliverer of the unfortunate Gray. Few

eyes were dry upon the occasion, either amongst the troops or the peasants around.

The letter which Aldsworth had presented to the colonel, was written in the hand-writing of the Duke of York, a prince who never was known to turn away from the appeal of the unfortunate soldier, when it was in his power to relieve him. Gray's benevolent friend had himself waited on the Duke, and, in the pithy eloquence of the heart, had laid before his Highness the melancholy case in all its bearings; and it found a ready admission to the humane bosom to which it was addressed.

But, alas! all the exertions in favour of the miserable soldier, produced a more lamentable result than even the ready bullets of the military executioners could have done. They saved poor Gray's life, it is true; but it was only to take him from the resignation of a religious death, to throw him into a more horrid and frightful vortex than he had experienced in his previous calamities. He was led from the place which had been destined for his execution only to view the death-bed of his wife—to receive the last parting pressure of her cold hand, and kneel for her benediction!

In the Military Lunatic Asylum at Chatham, but three years ago, might have been still seen the ruins of Gentleman Gray—a soldier whose qualities might have raised him to high command in the service of his country. His wretched existence had been sustained only by the aberration of reason; the incessant operations of his diseased imagination, were the prolongers of his animal life. They gave to the cold walls that surrounded him the picture of the scene where his happiest hours had been passed. Day and night—save when a short and feverish slumber intervened, he might be heard talking over and over again, of the path, the river, the field, the tree, the orchard, and the old oak-chair, once the associations of his love—or seen weeping in silence. Wasted down, at length he parted with all human sorrows, and sunk into death. He was buried in the town of his birth, and in the grave of his Ellen, whose remains the kind and grateful Aldsworth had conducted from France, and had seen interred in the last earthly home of her family.

On him who had occasioned the destruction of these hapless lovers the hand of Heaven heavily

fell. Disgraced, and dismissed from the service which he had abused, steeped in poverty, and shunned by the world, he passed down a few remaining years of miserable existence, and was indebted to public charity even for the earth that covered his dishonoured grave.

THE END.

ERRATA IN VOL. III.

Page 66, third line from bottom, for *majority of*, read *majority on*.

— 224, in the poetry, for *Reel through battle field*, read *Reel through the battle field*.

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